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bor of love—for each of the members of this remarkable  
family in turn caught my interest and kept it—to such  
an extent indeed, that I confess my task became a plea-  
sure, and not the least of the elements contributing to  
increase this pleasure was the fact that, even at this late  
date and after all that has been written on the Opium  
Eater, many new side-lights have been cast on his per-  
sonality and character by this later "find" of materials.  
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## Literature

## Neilson's "Trial by Combat" \*

ANOTHER ILLUSION shattered! Truly the twilight of the gods has come in these century-closing days of ours. The folk-lore people and the historical critics have played havoc with many a legend in the bright Lemprière of our youth; and many a famous hero has proved

hulled fairly to the cob,  
A mere vagary of Old Prob.

But the mediæval champion who plays such a picturesque part in song and story, the gallant defender of beauty in distress, was still enshrined in our imagination. And a striking figure he made, in his coat of mail and his plumed helmet, mounted on a prancing steed and holding his good lance in rest. But now comes Mr. Neilson and strips off the glamour and the gay trappings, transforming our fine Paladin to a mercenary pugilist. Barelegged, bareheaded, and with shaven pate, clad in a leathern jerkin and armed only with a curved shield and a baton tipped with horn, the champion in a judicial combat was not exactly a thing of beauty. By the by, Mr. Neilson hints that our 'expressive Yankeeism,' to go into it bald-headed (see Lowell's Pious Editor), might trace its descent from the days of shaven champions. The curved shield seems by a process of degenerate evolution to have been ultimately converted into a sandbag. As for the combat itself, it must have resembled a rough and tumble fight rather than a knightly fray, judging from the fact that in appeals of felony a man whose foreteeth were broken was exempt from doing battle, 'for teeth of that kind help greatly to victory,' says Bracton. Champions were not above resorting to magical aids, and invocations to God or even to the Devil were sometimes traced on their shaven crowns. It was found necessary to administer an oath to the combatants that they had eaten nothing, nor had recourse to any sorcerous arts, on the day of the duel. In appeals of felony the accuser and accused fought in person, and the loser was hanged then and there. But in civil cases on the writ of right, such as questions of title to realty, the parties offered and accepted battle by their champions. Originally the champion was a witness, and only as a witness could he intervene; for example, in a plea of land he swears to having seen the seisin. If this was not a legal fiction from the outset, it speedily became one; and in spite of the law against hiring, championship for hire was a regular profession, as many a surname still testifies. Defeated champions incurred the stigma of recreancy, as well as the pecuniary mulct attendant thereupon, while a taint of fraud might evoke a severer punishment.

To the credit of our English ancestors be it said that we find no trace of this barbarous procedure prior to the Norman Conquest. William I. introduced the wager of battle with other questionable reforms, but the temper of his subjects was against it from the first. Under his son Henry the citizens of London obtained an exemption from liability to do battle; other towns demanded and received the same

privilege, and the operation of the system was from time to time restricted, until it was reduced to a mere form. In appeals of murder, however, it lingered on as an alternative right until 1819, when the entire system of trial by battle was destroyed, root and branch. It illustrates the strength of English conservatism, that even as late as 1774 an attempt to abolish this relic of barbarism was unsuccessful—nay, the right of battle was described in debate as 'that great pillar of the constitution'!

The duel of chivalry was another matter; and there, if anywhere, we shall find the original of the brilliant warriors of romance. In England it seems to have been regarded as a dangerous innovation, and though under Richard II. it threatened to invade the judicial field, its reign was of brief duration. Mr. Neilson has explored the ancient records to good purpose, and his book is a mine of curious information. Although the work of a specialist, and a learned one too, the monograph is thoroughly interesting to the general reader.

## Mrs. Harrison's "Flower de Hundred" \*

'FLOWER DE HUNDRED,' like Thackeray's 'Virginians,' may be localized almost anywhere in Virginia where the many-tongued tides run fjord-wise into the land and carve it into shining estuaries. This part of the State was anciently divided according to the Saxon system of hundreds, and old Virginia maps and manners are redolent to this day of Hengist and Horsa. Here picturesque lives were lived, roomy plantations were laid out, burgesses were elected, customs were continued from immemorial English times, and vestries sent over candidates to be ordained by the Bishop of London. Here Powhatan and Opecanacanough, Pocahontas and John Smith were domesticated in tale and legend; and here in the woods, like lost babes, stand dismantled churches built of English brick, where congregations now shadowy once worshipped and gravestones writ in ancient script abound with their quavering and uncertain lines. This part of the commonwealth smells of sea and swamp, of jasmine and magnolia, of pedigree and genealogy, of antiquity and aristocracy, and a peculiar pronunciation lingers there still more characteristic yet—the very *Virginia-Virginiarum*, so to speak, of the region.

In this venerable moss-clad river-land Mrs. Harrison (taking her cue from the 'Henry St. John, Gentleman,' of John Esten Cooke) spreads out her canvas of Old Virginia life, framed at one end in shadowy perspectives of fifty years ago and at the other growing pathetically lurid with the crimson flush of the War. She takes an old plantation (*Flowerdeu Hundred*, it is spelt in documents of 1619) and gathers upon it relics of the charming Southern life as she herself has known it. Scenery, architecture, habits, environment harmonize with her design and are wrought into the human passions that soon begin to play, with a skill quite worthy of a bit of Gobelins. The old plantation is there vivid before your eyes; there crawls the noble 'Jeems'; here are the parson-tutor and the inevitable old maids, cousins and aunts, no less than 'aunties' and 'uncles,' innumerable as the *tias* and *tios* of Fernan Caballero's novels; and there is the 'great house' with its store of British classics, its lavendered linen, its carved mahogany and its family portraits. The Throckmortons of gentle lineage disport themselves about these commodious belongings, and there is developed a plantation drama in which elements of pathos and excitement abound more and more as the narrative swings into the eddying currents of War, and the alarm-bell of the Confederacy startles the idyllic population from their dreams. Two noble swains, two beautiful damsels, a saintly grandmother, and many a fitting shadow of old-time gentility work upon the edges of the story till it is embroidered full with incident. Not too many persons make the picture complete, and a smack of dialect sprinkles a sparkle of

\* Trial by Combat. By George Neilson. \$2. Macmillan &amp; Co.

\* Flower de Hundred: The Story of a Virginia Plantation. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. \$1. Cassell Publishing Co.

humor through the plantation talk. Not very thrilling or epoch-making all this: only a *tableau* very *vivant* indeed of life beyond the Potomac, a world all to itself, as distinct in its individuality as the hanging-gardens of Semiramis, and well worthy of such crystallization as this. The fly no longer twinkles in the amber, but the heart does: its throbbings cannot be arrested, and it pulses in these pages as warmly, as patriotically, as poetically as Rome did under the eyes of Goethe when he wrote in his 'Italienische Reise' that, though it seemed dead, it really quivered with life and its spent spiritual forces had acquired new powers of fertilization and suggestion.

#### Cassell's "Pocket Guide to Europe"\*

THIS little book is the most compact of its class, and has some excellent features. A deal of useful information is condensed into very small compass. The larger cities, like London, Paris and Rome, are treated, however, more in detail than the smaller ones, some of the latter, indeed, getting no notice at all. In England, for example, Canterbury gets seven lines and Salisbury eight, while other cathedral cities, like Chichester, Lichfield, and Norwich, are left out. In many portions of the book the descriptions are little more than a dry list of objects, like the table-of-contents to a larger work.

The worst fault of the book, however, is the imperfect manner in which it is revised from year to year. It is five or six years behind the times in many important particulars, to say nothing of minor details, some of which an editor may be excused for overlooking. He should certainly keep track of new railways on the ordinary line of tourist travel, but the following are some of these not noted: Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald (opened last year); Visp to St. Niklaus, on the way to Zermatt, to be opened to the latter place this season (one of the most important routes in Switzerland); Luino to Ponte Tresa and Porlezza to Menaggio, connecting the Italian Lakes (opened five years ago, though this book still runs the old diligences over both routes); Domo d'Ossola to Novara (two years old), cutting off a long stretch of the tedious Simplon road; Chiavenna to Colico (four years old), shortening the diligence route over the Splügen, etc. We are even told (p. 279) that the journey from Bellinzona to Lugano is by diligence, though that part of the St. Gothard railway was finished six or seven years ago. New mountain railways, like those up the Drachenfels (p. 223), Pilatus, and Monte Salvatore (p. 300) are ignored; and extensions of Swiss post-roads, as from Imhof to Guttannen (p. 284) on the Grimsel route. The electric railway from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway (opened more than ten years ago) is not mentioned. The road up the Uetliberg near Zurich (p. 277) is said to be 'like that on Mt. Washington'; but it is not a cog-wheel railway, the grade not requiring such.

Even in describing great cities there are curious defects. At Amsterdam, the Trippenhuis Museum is put down, though it was transferred in 1886 to the magnificent new Royal Museum, which is not mentioned at all. The union of museums at Rouen within a few years is also unnoted. The Champ de Mars at Paris is said (p. 183) to be the place 'where two great exhibitions have been held.' News of the third in 1889 has apparently not reached the editor; nor does he seem to be aware of the existence of the Eiffel Tower. At Vienna, 'the ruins of the Ring Theatre,' burned in 1881, are still to be seen, according to this authority, though the Stiftenhaus, with its 'expiatory chapel,' was erected on the site five years ago. We are informed that the foundations of the new façade of the Duomo at Florence were laid in 1860, but not that it was completed in 1885. We purposely select omissions of a palpable sort, connected with objects of prominent interest; and the list of these might be extended almost indefinitely.

\* Cassell's Pocket Guide to Europe: 1891. Planned by E. C. Steadman, compiled by Edward King, revised by M. F. Sweetser. \$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.

#### "Honduras: The Land of Great Depths"\*

HONDURAS is as large as Virginia and has the population of Florida. It is the land of opals and silver-mines and looks on two oceans according as you land in it on the Caribbean side or cross the Isthmus and creep up the western curve. An altogether delightful land, according to Mr. Charles's unpretentious guide-book, where spring comes in December; and the interior is lifted three or four thousand feet above the sea; and tropic vegetation riots in the sun. This sun is not the sanguinary monster of Aztec and Peruvian, who kisses and—kills; it is quickening and kindly, and has called unrivalled coffee-plantations into being. In 'the land of great depths,' as Honduras signifies, there are abundant stores of gold and silver now being mined by Americans and English. The country is as mountainous as the Asheville region, the rivers flow north, and the 'seasons' are continuous spring and summer, shading into each other as imperceptibly as violet, indigo and blue in the solar spectrum. One lives there in perpetual broad-brim hat and fluttering 'duster,' except when umbrellas spring up mushroom-like in rainy weather. Locomotion is accomplished on horseback or in ox-carts, which is rather hard on inexperienced 'Gringos' unacquainted with mules and springless axles; but Mr. Charles affirms that one soon gets used to it, and rapidly evolves into a capital centaur. Perched among the mountain-valleys are adobe towns and villages clustered about the tall cathedral, where telegraph-wires keep the country's nervous system in touch with the world. These adobe towns are usually earthquake-proof, and the large airy one-storied rooms with their iron-barred windows look on inner patios brimming with sunlight and flowers. A sparkling mountain-stream generally dashes through these somnolent towns and keeps up a crystal quivering in the steady glare. Fruits nameless and innumerable hang over the espaliers; cactus and mimosa bristle and tremble at every turn; vegetable-gardens require only a 'tickling' to bear profusely; and all the curiosities of the Spanish-Indian *cuisine* await you at a moment's warning. All these things Mr. Charles discourses pleasantly about. He tells you how to get to Honduras, when to start, what to take, what to do and what to leave undone, and remarks that the land is a natural sanitarium for the weak lunged.

#### "The Strife of Love in a Dream"†

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION is the godfather—or step-mother—of this curious Elizabethan translation from the Italian-Latin, which has no other *raison d'être* than its rarity. This the 'ingenious' Mr. Lang himself confesses, who has brought the bantling anew on the boards, and introduces it with many a quip and turn. Some idle Frenchman of inexhaustible patience took up Francesco Colonna in a leisure moment and—found him more than enough for a lifetime. He was of the innumerable Colonnas of the middle ages, who fell in love, became betrothed, and 'went into religion' (as people nowadays go into business) in 1464. Such is the legend; and the legend adds that his 'Polia' had sunny locks and—may have been an 'allegory of antique beauty and learning.' This at once takes what sap out of the book it had before, and leaves us a straw to chew upon very tenuous indeed. Italian writers have always had a passion for allegorizing women, from Beatrice and Laura and Leonora down to the willowy pessimisms that flit through the verse of Leopardi. In Colonna she dwells in

Une chapelle de parfum

Et de cierges mélancholiques,

and leans out of heaven, not in the shape of a 'blessed Damozel,' but of an intolerable prude whom not even Mr. Lang can follow through all the mazes of her prudery. The original title of the book was 'Hypnerotomachia,' which, so far as Mr. Lang and the reviewer can make out,

\* Honduras: The Land of Great Depths. By Cecil Charles. \$1.50. Rand, McNally & Co.  
† The Strife of Love in a Dream. By F. Colonna. Edited by Andrew Lang. The Tudor Library. London: David Nutt.



swims in misty circles round a sort of architectural dream in which beautiful forms of architecture, pyramids, castles, and what not, are described to satiety. All this is plentifully sprinkled with nymphs, precious stones, exotic flowers, and singular carousals, like one of Don Quixote's dreams gone crazy. Its chief virtue in an English eye is its curiosities of speech, the strange words that hang about the text like barnacles, and the etymological griffins and harpies and gargoyles that grin at you out of every page. Mr. Lang's preface is apologetic for enshrining such a monster in the fair print and quaint illustrations of the text,—a monster who could revel in such language as 'vypered caduce,' 'quadranguled plaints,' 'incalcerate light' and 'remigiall bones.' This reads like 'St. Elmo' and leaves the impression that the old Italian folk had delightfully trans'ucient brains.

#### An Italian Life of Columbus \*

COLUMBUS-LITERATURE is certain to receive great additions with the approach of the quadro-centennial year. The prizes offered by the Spanish Academy for the best works on Columbus and his achievements will set going many busy pens, and ought to lead to valuable discoveries in some of the little explored archives of Spain. Italy, too, will be stirred afresh to do honor to the memory of her great son. As an advance wave of the Italian literary activity on the subject, we have Prof. Tarducci's life of the navigator, published in 1885, and now done into English. In many respects it is a highly satisfactory book; in some it is disappointing. It is a sort of compromise between a thoroughly scientific and a popular piece of writing, and has the resulting defects as well as merits. The discussions of the crucial points in the reconstruction of the traditional history are not full enough to satisfy the scholar, while they are too full for the uncritical reader. The author is entirely aware of the need of a critical examination of the old sources, unhesitatingly used by Irving, and is also acquainted with much that has been done to correct and elucidate the original narratives. He shows good sense, too, and not a little keenness at times, in his balancing of the conflicting evidence. Yet in many cases he follows Irving, his confessed model, too closely, and records some facts that he ought at least to have said were now called in question.

Probably his book was published too soon after the revolutionary volume of HARRISSE for Prof. Tarducci to take adequate account of the acute criticism displayed in that work. He refers to it in a single note, but leaves passages standing that will simply have to be rewritten after what HARRISSE has done. With him, though independently, Tarducci rejects the story that Columbus studied at the University of Pavia; his argument on this point is strong and convincing. But he follows the traditional account of Columbus's marriage, his residence in Porto Santo, the council at Salamanca, and the monument tardily erected by Ferdinand with the famous couplet. As to the land-fall, he is cautiously conservative, though aware of the various attempts to give it a new location. On the other hand, he is rather hasty in giving in his assent to the claim that the remains of Columbus were actually found in Santo Domingo, in 1877. That whole affair is certainly a much muddled one so far, but in the face of the report of the Spanish Academy of History, and of the difficulties pointed out by others, it is too soon to pronounce dogmatically one way or the other.

The translation appears to be well done, as a whole. The Duke of Veraguas figures regularly without the last letter of his name, and several other misprints are discoverable. The want of an index is deplorable. The illustrations are almost uniformly bad. Altogether, this book will not be in Mr. Winsor's way, and we must look to him still for the last word on Columbus.

\* The Life of Christopher Columbus. By FRANCESCO TARDUCCI, Professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Modena. Trans. from the Italian by Henry F. Brownson. 2 vols. \$3. DROIT: H. F. BROWNSON.

#### Recent Fiction

FOR A THOROUGHLY objectionable hero, commend us to the poor, proud and silent one who nurses the fox of unappreciated virtue under his patched and seedy coat until it eats out his heart. Mr. Herbert Ward doubtless had not the least intention of making John Strong, 'The New Senior at Andover,' appeal to his readers solely through the unexhilarating medium of pity; yet so it is, and John's excessive poverty and his lameness add to the depressing tone, which is not relieved by the picture of the feeble mother starving in the background. Many a boy has worked his way through academy and college and roughed it physically and spiritually while doing so, without posing eternally as one who was always in the right, who never failed to return good for evil, who withstood all temptations, and was humble and modest when his enemy was abashed before him. Even winning the Exeter and Phillips ball game couldn't put blood and breath into such a creation. Fortunately these little heroes die early and often. For the rest, despite its preachy tone, the book is fairly diverting with dashes of real color to relieve the moral heroics. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.) — 'GID GRANGER,' by W. O. Stoddard, is the story of a shrewd American country boy who had the extraordinary capacity for business that fifteen-year-old heroes in a book usually do. He established a successful hennery, planted corn and potatoes on reclaimed land, made the sharpest bargains with the old farmers of the neighborhood, saved his father from loss and disaster, got his sister a piano and sent her to the city to study art, and seemed generally to have been possessed of all the wit and agricultural insight in the community. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

THREE bright little stories in the Westminster Series — 'A Very Young Couple' by B. L. Farjeon, 'Le Beau Sabreur' by Annie Thomas, and 'A Laggard in Love' by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany — all tell of the various ways of expressing the divine passion and the vicissitudes of the interested persons. It went harder with 'the Laggard' than with the others, for 'she was in the hands of the Infinite, and her heart was being revealed to her.' This she might have got used to; but when it showed her that her love for the hero was so great that 'it enwrapped him, sins and all, with an ineffable tenderness,' she took to the village graveyard as men take to drink. There, one autumn afternoon, she met the hero. He wore a 'strange, new and indescribable look,' which, after she had patted his head as he knelt over a grave, changed into one of 'ineffable joy'; and they went home with 'an everlasting peace filling both their hearts.' (25 cts. each. U. S. Book Co.) — CONFLUENT SMALL-POX, although doubtless it may be an excellent medium for repentance to an erring woman, cannot render an unattractive heroine engaging, any more than gushing sentiment, muddy morality, virulent sensationalism and a hollow mockery of all the passions can make Florence Marryatt's story, 'Brave Heart and True,' anything but a weariness to the flesh. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)

THERE IS something inherently interesting to Americans in a political novel. The vicissitudes of our public life are so amazing, the chances of success so disproportionate to a man's social position and so dependent upon his peculiar equipment, that the magic carpet in 'The Arabian Nights' seems not more marvellous than the journey from the cabin to the White House. A story of this kind is that told by the late D. R. Locke ('Petroleum V. Nasby') in 'The Demagogue.' Caleb Mason, owing to the possession of capacity and dominating egoism, rose from his drunken parentage and shanty home to a position high among men; that he was infamously corrupt in every relation in life ultimately causes his ruin. The period of the story is that of Lincoln's administration, and scenes and topics of national importance are given with so distinct a naturalness that even the fiction of the book seems real; or shall we say that the author has painted the conditions and stated the questions of political life at that time with all the reality of fiction? However we put it, he has written a vigorous and humorous tale; and in the realm of emotions and sentiments, where his feet have touched unstable ground, we are thankful that he has stepped as lightly as he has. (\$1.50. Lee & Shepard.)

'THE PLUNGER,' like most of Hawley Smart's stories, is a novel of the turf. To the neophyte all the slang phrases and sporting terms, the high stakes and mysteries of book-making will give a glamour to the book that the Cæsarewitch itself hardly possesses for a member of the racing fraternity. Incidentally, people make love and are given in marriage; but the important events of the story all cluster about the winning of the Cæsarewitch by Boabdil, the murder of his owner, Squire Wexford, and the final arrest of the book-maker Barnes. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.) — IF THE AUTHOR of a boy's story will keep just to leeward of possi-

bility, probability may go to the winds. Mr. Kirk Munroe is ever hugging that dangerous point, and we expect some day to see him cross it rather than sacrifice the phenomenal success which his heroes invariably attain. 'Under Orders: The Story of a Young Reporter' is a tale of triumphant victory for the Y. R. from the moment he is engaged on *The Phonograph* to the last page, where he is gloriously acquitted of the charge of having robbed a safe. It is a readable book, full of the thrilling vicissitudes of a city reporter's life as understood by those who use that perilous calling as material for imaginative literature. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'TIN-TYPES,' taken in the streets of New York by Lemuel Ely Quigg, were first printed, from time to time, in the columns of the *Tribune*, with which paper the author was connected when they were taken. The book is a series of sketches portraying some of the perverse sides of life in a metropolis; its theme might almost be called human nature under false pretenses, for the oddity of some of the traits here displayed. The capital illustrations by Harry Beard contribute not a little to the verisimilitude of the tin-types. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)

#### Some Recent Educational Books

WE HAVE received a pamphlet containing two articles, one on 'The History of University Education in Maryland' by Bernard C. Steiner, the other by President Gilman on 'The Johns Hopkins University.' Mr. Steiner has made as much as he could of his theme, but the record of Maryland in the field of higher education is by no means creditable to the State. Mr. Steiner gives an account of the various colleges, sectarian and other, that have been established there, and also of the leading professional schools; and as we read of them we realize what an important event for that community the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University really was. President Gilman tells how the new institution was founded, and gives some extracts from his inaugural address to show on what principles and according to what ideas it was organized. He also gives some statistics showing the number of teachers and of students in the different years of the University's history, from which it appears that the graduate students have outnumbered the undergraduates nearly two to one. In the appendix to the pamphlet is a brief account of the university extension movement in England, contributed by Mr. R. G. Moulton of Cambridge University, which American readers, we think, will find interesting. (50 cts. Johns Hopkins Press.)

PROF. JOHN DEWEY has published a small work entitled 'Outlines of a Critical Theory of Ethics,' designed as an introduction to the subject, and evidently prepared as a manual for students. It is written in a smooth and simple style, and the author's meaning is for the most part made plain. As to the substance of the work, however, we cannot express a very high opinion. It treats ethics from the standpoint of Hegelianism and has the usual defects of that now obsolete philosophy. A large part of the book is occupied with a discussion of 'The Good' as the end and aim of moral action; but we think the discussion will satisfy very few of its readers. Criticism of the various forms of hedonism, or utilitarianism, and of the Kantian theory is carried on through nearly a hundred pages, and some portions of it are very good, though we believe none of it is new. But the theory which Prof. Dewey puts in the place of those he criticizes seems to us even more unsatisfactory than any of them. He tells us that 'the end of action, or the good, is the realized will, the developed or satisfied self'; and in another place he gives us 'another formula for the moral end: the performance by a person of his specific function, this function consisting in an activity which realizes wants and powers with reference to their peculiar surroundings.' Now we can find no moral criterion at all in either of these formulas, and the second in particular seems to us to have no meaning except in relation to the universal happiness. Nor do we find the author's treatment of obligation and freedom of will any more satisfactory, and we fear students of his book will get little help from it in regulating their moral life. (\$1.50. Register Pub. Co.)

THE PLAN of first giving a plenty of examples and exercises, then stating the rule, and afterwards making application of it, is followed in 'Longman's Primary School Grammar,' and should lead to good results. It is certainly easier for a child to comprehend a rule or a definition after he has been shown a number of examples of the thing. But words are things in this sense, and grammar is, properly, only a statement of the facts of language. This truth is borne in mind by the author, Mr. D. Salmon, all through his little manual. Some 'Notes for Teachers' at the end suggest alternative definitions to be used, in certain cases, instead of those in the body of the book, which are simpler but less correct. In its neat binding, with old-fashioned title and vignette, the book presents an attractive appearance such as would never be expected of a grammar. This American edition has been especially

revised. (35 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)—IN AN ESSAY on 'The Educational Value of Political Economy,' Mr. Simon N. Patten maintains that a science which is in the formative stage (as that of economics confessedly is) is better fitted to discipline the mind than one more developed, such as mathematics or physics. He points out, also, the various elements in economic study that have educational value, showing how it exercises the reasoning faculties while it also leads to the study of facts and of history. He then calls attention to what he deems defects in the prevalent modes of teaching economics, and teachers will doubtless find his criticisms suggestive. With some of them we do not perfectly agree; but his remarks on the evil of mixing up ethics and politics with economics are excellent, and we wish that the young economists of the time would take them to heart. (75 cts. American Economic Association.)

PROF. CYRUS THOMAS has summed up, in 'The Cherokees in Prehistoric Times,' the conclusions which a careful study of Indian tradition and customs, with a course of assiduous explorations among the ancient monuments of the West and North, have led him to adopt in regard to the much-discussed question of the origin of the great earthworks of the Ohio Valley. He believes them to have been due to the ancestors of the existing tribes of Indians, and chiefly of the Cherokees. By numerous clews of tradition and language, and by the comparison of relics of various kinds, he traces this people back from their later seats among the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama, where they were first encountered by the white settlers, to the upper Ohio River, and thence across the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to a position west of the Mississippi, between the mouth of the Des Moines River and the northern boundary of Iowa. Beyond this point all, as yet, is conjecture. But as it has been shown that the Cherokees belong to the Huron-Iroquois family, he thinks it probable that this family of tribes formerly dwelt in the region northwest of Lake Superior, and wandered thence in two streams of migration, the proper Huron-Iroquois tribes moving eastward along the northern shore of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, while the Cherokees, their distant offshoot, made their way southeastward into the more inviting region watered by the Ohio and its affluents. Here they grew in numbers, and, to a certain extent, in culture, and reared the vast earth-walls to protect themselves against the more barbarous tribes about them, who finally overcame and expelled them. Prof. Thomas does not deny that his plausible theory leaves some points unexplained; but it must certainly rank as an ingenious and creditable effort to unveil the mystery which has so long perplexed our archaeologists. The book appears in the series of 'Fact and Theory Papers.' (\$1. N. D. C. Hodges.)

'HINDU LITERATURE; or, The Ancient Books of India,' by Elizabeth A. Read, is a well-prepared compendium, condensing in an agreeable form the results of much careful study. The compiler has spared no pains to ensure correctness, having consulted not only the best works on the subject, but also, in some cases, the authors of these works. She acknowledges her special indebtedness to Prof. Max Müller and to Sir M. Monier Williams 'for assistance derived from their personal letters, and their great kindness in examining portions of her work.' Of the general correctness of a work produced with such aids there can be no question. The chief criticism to be made is that its title is by far too comprehensive, and that the excessive claim which it asserts is not modified or explained by anything contained in the preface. The work relates to what is only a portion, and to the Occidental student really the least attractive portion of Hindu literature,—its religious, or rather its Brahmanical, works. Of the Buddhist doctrine hardly anything is said; and there is not even an allusion to that immense and varied secular literature of India which has a special charm for Western scholars,—the numerous works of dramatic genius, of poetry, fable, grammar, astronomy, and other productions, that display the Hindu capacity undebased by the gross superstition which degrades most of their religious compositions to the level of childish babble. These compositions, however, have exerted a powerful influence over the greater part of the population of Asia, and may now be said to possess a world-wide fame. The clear and impartial description and well-chosen specimens here given of these remarkable productions,—the Vedas, the Brahmanas, the Upanishads (so much admired by Schopenhauer and other pessimist philosophers), the two great epics,—the Ramayana and the Mahabharata,—and finally the more modern Puranas,—will be welcome to many scholars. The author has shown excellent judgment in her summaries and selections, retaining out of the mass what is most interesting and characteristic, and has thus been able to produce, on a difficult subject, a book which is both readable and instructive. (S. C. Griggs & Co.)



NUMBER EIGHT of the 'Guides for Science Teaching,' issued by the Boston Society of Natural History, is on 'Insecta,' and is by Mr. Alpheus Hyatt and Miss J. M. Arms. The authors follow the plan, now so prevalent, of studying exhaustively some particular branch of a subject and giving less attention to the rest, so far as to choose the locust as a good type of the class; and the whole of the introductory chapter is given to a minute study of his anatomy. Brauer's classification is followed in the body of the work, and the primitive type, thysanura, is studied from the example of lepidoptera, as being larger and more easily observed than campodea, the type usually chosen. Brauer's sixteen orders are gone through methodically, and a chapter of 'General Remarks' briefly resumes the principal steps of the scheme of development apparent in them. Special bibliographies, introduced as notes from time to time, may help the reader to study any particular point thoroughly. Illustrations are abundant, and evidently prepared with care. (\$1. D. C. Heath & Co.)—INSECTS are also the subject of 'Nature's Wonder Workers,' by Kate R. Lovell, but they are here presented as interesting individuals, rather than as a class of living creatures, to be studied as a whole. Ants, spiders, bees, dragon-flies, beetles and crickets are some among the many 'insects' described, showing that the author uses the term in its popular, not in its strictly scientific sense. The republics of the ants, the monarchies of the bees, the architecture of spiders and the symbolism of the scarab are the subjects of entertaining chapters, well written and illustrated with a plenty of woodcuts. (\$1.50. Cassell & Co.)

HAPPY THE youth whose privilege it is to look at the world 'Through Magic Glasses.' In this latest and most delightful of her books, Arabella Buckley (Mrs. Fisher) masks, under the personality of a teacher of working boys on brief country holidays, a lot of delightful information which she gathers through the telescope, microscope, spectroscope and camera, on subjects ranging from the nebula of Orion to fungus spores. There are delightful chapters on the moon and its mountains, on the structure and workings of a volcano (a boy might almost construct one in his back yard, these details of the eruptive apparatus are so graphic), enchanting talks about life in seaside pools so dear to children, a very clear description of the methods and results of the spectroscope, and finally a chapter which makes real and almost neighborly the prehistoric boy in his cave dwelling. Mrs. Fisher's apprenticeship as secretary to Sir Charles Lyell has resulted in a lifelong devotion to the natural sciences, the fruits of which have been a series of charming books valuable to the young and indeed to 'grown-ups,' to many of whom also the revelations of these Magic Glasses will be a veritable peep into Fairy-land. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

'A LITERARY MANUAL of Foreign Quotations, Ancient and Modern,' compiled by John Devoe Belton, differs from other works of its kind in including only those quotations from the Latin, Italian, French and German as have really been used by good English writers, and in giving extracts from the latter showing the manner of their use. The result is that, besides being a valuable book of reference, it is an agreeable, chatty volume, which may, at any time, be picked up to fill a vacant half-hour. It shows not very wide, but rather select, reading on the part of its author, and whoever looks into its pages will always find himself in good company. At times the explanations are hardly explanatory, as when *Vogue la galère* is translated by 'Go ahead, come what may.' The idea of the ship, which cannot be expected to stop with a fair wind in its stern, is not touched upon except in the citations from Scott and Thackeray, which follow. A more serious fault is that there is no index of authors, but this want may readily be supplied in another edition. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE LATEST issue in the Camelot Series is a republication of Darwin's work 'On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs.' This originally appeared in 1842, and the theory of the origin of the reefs which its author propounded was for a long time almost universally accepted; but later investigations have revealed facts unknown to Darwin and apparently inconsistent with his views. His theory that the bases on which the reefs are built had gradually subsided in the sea explains many of the observed facts; but recent writers, and especially Dr. Murray of the Challenger expedition, and M. G. C. Bourne, report that their observations give evidence of rest, or even of elevation rather than of subsidence, and the matter is still unsettled. The little volume now before us contains the original work of Darwin, which is too well known to scientists to need description, together with a prefatory note by Joseph W. Williams, in which the present state of the controversy is set forth with clearness and impartiality, though with an evident preference for Darwin's theory. The book is well printed on good paper, and is a convenient edition of the work. (40 cts. A. Lovell & Co.)

'INTERNATIONAL BI-METALLISM,' by Henry D. Barrows, is a restatement in brief form of the well-known views of those who favor the re-establishment of the bi-metallic standard by international agreement. It presents the usual arguments, but without adding, so far as we can discover, anything essentially new. As the question has been often and thoroughly discussed, not only in pamphlets like this but in elaborate volumes, there seems to be no particular call for a new work covering the same old ground. (Los Angeles, Cal.: Stoll & Thayer.)

#### Magazine Notes

MAYO W. HAZELTINE, in the April *North American Review*, is sure that the English novel will perish of inanition if the young unmarried girl is to remain its central figure. But he is also sure that her reign is over, and that as in France the married woman of thirty is to take her place. Not only is the new novel to take life as it is, but it is to be the life of people in society that is to be shown up in it. The question arises, who, in this country, is to write it? The men who can write are not 'in society,' and those who see most of society, though they can do many other things, cannot write. The answer is that the women themselves must do the work, and that they have, in fact, begun to do it. One of them, however, Agnes Repplier, prefers, in the same number, to explore the 'Humors of the Cookery-Book' instead. From the Ettrick Shepherd's too general remarks, on one of his nights at Ambrose's, she passes to the treatise of Archbishop Neckam of St. Albans, and the recipes of the master-cook of Richard II., and a long list of other old cookery-books, not forgetting 'The Court and Kitchen of Joan Cromwell,' who refused to let the Lord Protector eat oranges, because they cost no less than a great apiece. 'The Best Sign of Our Times,' according to the Spanish orator Emilio Castelar, is the substitution of evolution for revolution in matters political. He contrasts the Europe of 1815, darkened by the reactionary spirit, with the Europe of to-day, everywhere tending toward liberty, and he follows in detail the various phases of political progress during the century. Cardinal Gibbons writes what we may call the leading article on 'Wealth and its Obligations'; and the Hon. M. J. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, on 'The Duty of the Hour' for public men—namely, the study of the needs, conditions and possibilities of American agriculture.

The illustrations to the first article of the 'Ocean Steamships' series, 'Ocean Passenger Travel,' in *Scribner's* for April, show us deck scenes and steerage and incidents of a voyage, and the gorgeous grand saloon of an Inman steamer, the yet more gaudy saloon of a Hamburg steamer and the luxurious smoking-room of a French liner. 'A Kangaroo Hunt,' by Birge Harrison, has pictures of the good old times when kangaroos were as plenty as sheep on an Australian ranch. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's drawing of maidens singing to Diana, in illustration of Horace's twenty-first Ode, is beautifully engraved by Henry Wolf. The cruise of the United States Steamer Thetis, 'Where the Ice Never Melts,' is related by Robert Gordon Butler. Prof. Thomas Dwight, M.D., with the aid of finger-prints and skull-measurements, tells 'What is Right-Handedness.' And Graham R. Tomson, quite prematurely, sings 'A Spring Song' in which she omits to tell us how to get rid of our cold in the head.

'The Brazen Android' of the late William D. O'Connor's story in the April *Atlantic* is that talking head of brass with which Friar Roger Bacon is said to have antedated Edison's invention. The Friar and his friend, Simon de Montford, are the principal personages in the first part of the story; in a concluding instalment the mysterious Dr. Malatesti promises to play a leading part. Olive Thorne Miller has found a new use for the Venetian blind: it is to keep it closed and spy between the slats on the birds. 'From my Window' relates what she has thus seen of the private lives of woodpeckers, phœbes and crow blackbirds. Percival Lowell relates a remarkable mountain journey and a still stranger canoe voyage down the Cañon of the Tenriugawa, on his way out of Noto, in Japan. Mary E. Burt puts in a plea for 'The Muses in the Common School,' to take the place of the ingenious gentlemen who manufacture children's Readers. 'Goethe's Key to Faust,' William P. Andrews explains, was Goethe's self, and with this key in hand he unlocks the Prologues.

What one does first on taking up the April *Review of Reviews* is to compare it with preceding numbers, this being the first issue to be set up (from new type) and printed in this country. The differences are all in favor of the American edition. In the first place the new cover is better in color than the old, and more artistic in design. In the second, the table-of-contents is given on the second page of the cover, where there is more room for it than on the outside, and for that reason is much fuller and more satisfactory. Then the columns are a trifle narrower, and the margins

correspondingly wide; and the typographical arrangement is such as to give an agreeable uniformity to the 110 pages of text and illustrations. As a rule the cuts prepared over here for the American edition show up very much more clearly than those printed from the English electrotypes. These points are important ones, and will affect the success of the *Review* on this side of the water, where even the less costly magazines have to be presented in comely shape to win a place in popular regard. As to the contents of the monthly, the frontispiece is the striking head of Meissonier, so suggestive of the Moses of Michael Angelo. That part of the review of the Progress of the World which relates to International Copyright is illustrated with likenesses of Secretary R. U. Johnson, Mr. G. H. Putnam the publisher, Mr. J. L. Kennedy the printer, and Senator Platt of Connecticut who put the bill through the upper house. The achievements of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas (with portraits of Ingalls, Pepper and Mrs. Lease) and the New Orleans lynching that has stirred up an international tempest in a teapot, are discussed rationally from an American point of view. The Character Sketch of the late Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., is accompanied by numerous portraits of himself and one of his fair eulogist, Mrs. Annie Besant. 'St. John of England' is a 'centennial' paper on the founder of Methodism. 'Recent American Legislation,' both State and National, is summarized, and the English and American periodicals are reviewed with care, and elaborately indexed. *The Forum* is given the place of honor, apropos of Mr. Metcalf's resignation of its editorship. On the whole Dr. Shaw is to be congratulated on the first number of the Americanized *Review*, which has been brought out under great difficulties.

It is to be hoped that the policy of taking refuge in a specialty will not be much longer followed by our leading magazines. Time was when each month brought forth something unexpected, and a considerable part of the reader's pleasure was in anticipating the next surprise. Now we know beforehand that this one is a novelette with garnishings, and that that is all too constant in its devotion to applied science. *The Century* seems to have taken its stand on recent American history. A dropping fire of articles on the Civil War is still kept up; and now we have a series on gold-fever times in California. There are two articles in the April number—one, illustrated, on a trip 'To California by Panama in '49,' and one on 'The Conquest of California'—and a lot of 'Californiana.' On the not remotely related subject of Alaska and its great mountain, there are accounts, illustrated, of 'Two Expeditions to Mount St. Elias,' that of the New York *Times* in 1886, and that of the United States Geological Survey in 1890. It is hard to find any special reason for publishing now the 'hitherto unpublished letters' in the article on 'Early Intercourse of the Wordsworths and De Quincey.' Timeliness, at least, may be predicated of E. J. Glave's notes on 'Fetichism in Congo Land,' 'The Four Winds,' by the late Charles Henry Lüders, is a highly successful attempt in Tennysonian blank-verse; while Mr. Sherman's sonnet is a poet's tribute to a poet friend. Mme. de Staël, Mme. Roland, and Mme. Necker are portrayed in woodcuts and in type in 'Salons of the Revolution and the Empire.' There are three engravings by Mr. Cole after known works by Leonardo da Vinci, 'Mona Lisa,' 'The Goldsmith,' and the unfinished 'Adoration of the Magi.' Mr. Stillman's conclusion respecting the great painter—that he was more a scientist than an artist—will be accepted by neither artists nor scientists.

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford's article in the April *Forum*, 'What Can we Do for the Poor?' is hopeful in spirit, but its conclusions will not make the judicious reader so. He naturally sets much store on the activity of the Church; but that the churches do not think with him is shown by their desertion of the poorer quarters of the city. He is aware that the tenement house, even more than the grogshop, is at the bottom of all the unnecessary evils of poverty in New York; but he seems to think that a Peabody fund would work a transformation of this system. In reality it would require an earthquake, a great fire, or a destructive bombardment to even furnish the opportunity to make any radical improvement. And nothing is more certain than that, in the lack of such a fund, the opportunity would not be taken advantage of while tenement-house property, such as it now is, offers one of the best of investments. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky has an interesting review of Lady Blennerhassett's 'History of the Life and Times of Mme. de Staël.' 'Few modern books,' he says, 'have lighted up in so many directions the political, social, and intellectual history of a momentous period, and have exhibited at once so many kinds of talent and so wide a range of sympathies and knowledge.' Prof. Simon Newcomb reckons among his 'Formative Influences' those exerted on him by Prof. Pierce Gould and Agassiz and Commander Charles Henry Davis, whose summons to the Mayor of Memphis to surrender should be in every Polite Letter-Writer:—'Sir:

I have the honor to request that you will surrender. I am, Mr. Mayor, with high respect, your most obedient servant.' Dr. Charles Gatchell explains that 'The Methods of the Mind Readers' seem mysterious only because the average man is a poor observer.

Dr. Frederick M. Bird's essay on 'Brevity in Fiction'—becomingly brief—is the best thing in the April *Lippincott's* after Ellen Olney Kirk's 'Maidens Choosing.' Maiden readers will find the story brief enough to serve as a modern instance of the truth that there is in Mr. Bird's wise saws. Still, some people would like to see yet more compression at the novelette end of the magazine, and we venture to prophecy that the divided novelette, neat and convenient as the divided skirt, and with no prejudices in its way, will come into fashion before long. Mr. T. D. Robb contrasts 'The Elizabethan Drama and the Victorian Novel'; Mr. David Graham Adee repeats a number of not very bright 'Yarns about Diamonds' and Charles Morris sums up the results of twenty years of European conquest and discovery in 'New Africa.'—Herbert Spencer's views on state socialism, contained in an article entitled 'From Freedom to Bondage,' which opens the April *Popular Science Monthly*, is a powerful refutation of socialistic theorizing. The burning question of 'Street-Cleaning in Large Cities' is treated in the *Monthly* by Gen. Emmons Clark, Secretary of the Board of Health of New York, whose article gives many practical suggestions. The battle between Prof. Huxley and the defenders of theology still rages. An essay by the Duke of Argyll, entitled 'Prof. Huxley on the War-path,' charges the Professor with treating theological questions inconsistently with his treatment of scientific subjects. 'What keeps the Bicyclist Upright?'—a question that is often asked—is answered in an illustrated article contributed by Charles B. Warring. The conundrum has no reference to the moral rectitude of the cyclist.

Many readers of 'The Anglomaniacs' were disappointed—some were even disgusted—with the way it ended; others thought it the best thing about the book. It is not a pleasant ending; but are novelists obliged to end their stories pleasantly? Mr. Brand Matthews would hardly contend that they are; yet he thinks the conclusion of Mrs. Harrison's brilliant novelette too tragic for the tale itself, in which 'the note of high comedy' is struck at the beginning and very skilfully sustained. If Lily Floyd-Curtis marries Lord Melrose, 'then the real interest of the play is just about to begin, and what we have read is but the prologue.' In the same article in which this view is set forth, 'On Certain Recent Novels by American Women,' in *The Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Matthews holds Mrs. Cruger to be a disciple of Tourguéneff; of all the American women writing fiction to-day, the development of none 'will be more interesting to watch than that of the lady who calls herself Julien Gordon.' One must have 'a sadly sophisticated taste' whose enjoyment of Mrs. Whitney's narratives is not as keen as his liking for those of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cruger, our critic thinks. Carmencita is as much the 'rage' in New York to-day as she was a year ago; so it is not surprising to find her portrait in Miss Elizabeth Bisland's paper on 'The Eldest of the Arts.' The frontispiece is a head of Gen. Sherman by Gribayedoff; 'The Master of Genre,' Meissonier, is discussed by G. E. Montgomery; and there is a dainty poem, 'The Handkerchief,' by John Patterson.

Archdeacon Farrar performs the not very difficult task of turning Sir Edwin Arnold's poem 'The Light of the World' into prose in *Longman's Magazine* for March. The author of 'Some Birds in India' seems to know of only one use for a bird—namely, that which Baudelaire found for the pauper—to shoot him. The hero of Henry James's story, 'The Pupil,' is a queer little genius belonging to an American cosmopolite family, Bohemians who wanted to be Philistines, obliged to be adventurers because they were snobs—the sort of people who roll around the world like quicksilver, amalgamating with all the dross in their way. Mr. Lang, 'At the Sign of the Ship,' racks his brains over Ibsen, copies approvingly Schopenhauer's remarks on style, and wonders why people who know no more Greek than Mark Twain should be interested in the recent Aristotelian discovery—as if he did not know that news is news, whether it be of a manuscript found or a reputation lost.

### London Letter

THE literary sensation of the moment is the 'new Tauchnitz' scheme. This scheme was only formally announced a few days ago, but some among us knew that it had been maturing for many months past; furthermore, that it had not come before it was wanted. Baron Tauchnitz has only himself to thank for the blow which has at last been dealt to his sovereignty in his peculiar line. Twenty years ago a 'Tauchnitz' volume meant a fair-sized book



by a readable author, if it meant nothing more. A purchaser felt that he got full value for his money; an author was equally well satisfied with his share in the transaction. But of late years something has gone wrong in the Tauchnitz machinery. Gradually it has been falling from bad to worse. Many of the very best works of recent fiction are omitted from the series, whilst, on the other hand, it has become choked up with the most trivial specimens of English and American handiwork, spaced out so as to fill the requisite size of volume, yet not filling so well but that the nakedness of the load can be discerned by the veriest tyro. It was time that something should be done.

Here was an opportunity, and Mr. William Heinemann and Mr. Wolcott Balestier have had the luck and the pluck to seize it. Mr. Heinemann is one of the most enterprising young publishers of the day, and Mr. Balestier, already well-known on the other side of the Atlantic by his novel 'A Victorious Defeat,' and other writings, bids fair to become 'victorious' in England and on the Continent without fear of 'defeat.' He has created for himself an almost unique position in literary London. Acting as the representative of Messrs. Lovell in New York, he has drawn into his net, if we may so speak, nearly every author of any sort of mark in this country, and now that he, in connection with Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Bram Stoker (whose experience will be invaluable), has set on foot the new 'English Library' at Leipzig, I believe that he has contrived to enlist one and all as contributors present or future.

The first completed volume of the 'English Library' was shown me the other day. It is the same size and bulk as those so familiar to Continental travellers, and in cover, margin, and type leaves nothing to be desired. How soon it and its contemporaries will meet the public eye is not, I believe, quite decided upon.

When we had done talking about the boat-race on Saturday last, and the 'greatest race on record' had been finally disposed of, those of us who were at literary or artistic teas found that the offer made through Mr. Humphry Ward to build a new National Gallery of British Art was the theme next in interest. Mr. Goschen, on behalf of the Government, had that morning formally accepted the offer—eighty thousand pounds usually finds acceptance somewhere,—and British Art will in future find a suitable resting-place in a building erected for the purpose on the site or close by the site of the old 'Fisheries' and 'Healthies' exhibitions. The name of the generous art philanthropist who has come forward in this manner has not as yet transpired.

All lovers of nature and of tradition will on each of these counts rejoice that the proposed desecration of Kensington Gardens by tunnelling a subway from Bayswater to the Albert Hall has fallen through. Imagine a station-platform in the lovely, sweet-scented 'Flower Walk'! The scheme was, we are happy to learn, nipped in the bud the very moment it got abroad; once exposed to the atmosphere of public opinion it crumbled away like a mummied relic; but it was a shock only to think that such an abomination had been seriously thought of, that even the sacred shades of the grand old elms dear to the hearts of all true born Londoners should have been thus insulted.

By the formal inauguration of the telephone between London and Paris which took place on the 17th of this month, the two great cities are endowed with a means of mutual communication of which science but a few years ago would scarcely have ventured to dream. Until within a very brief space, the telephone was regarded even by the most ingenious of minds in the light of a toy, a very clever and marvellous toy, but like Peter Bell's famed primrose, 'it was nothing more.' To-day it is a power whose magnitude it is hardly possible to overestimate. The ceremony on Tuesday last was of the simplest description, yet to the imaginative mind there must surely have been something peculiarly appropriate and affecting in the first words, which, according to custom, were spoken on the English side of the Channel:—'My voice shall traverse continents and islands and seas. Thus have I promised it to my people forever.' Science has now put it in the power of created beings also, in a new and strange fashion, to let their voices 'traverse continents and islands and seas.' And not only the voice, but the speaker's accent and laughter could, we are told, be distinctly recognized through the London and Paris telephone, though these had travelled a distance of 271 miles, the isolation of the line in all probability accounting for the absence of the confusion which occasionally arises in talks through local telephones, especially in the metropolis. Englishmen and Frenchmen are alike convinced that the day-by-day chat which is now begun betwixt the two capitals will tend greatly towards breaking down ancient antipathies and inherited prejudices; so that this latest development of science is quite likely to prove an important factor in promoting the peace of nations.

Any one desirous of securing a choice example of the late Charles Keene's works should hasten to the Fine Art Society's Gallery ere

all the best of these are sold. They are selling rapidly. The British public has always appreciated this accomplished humorist, but the success of the present exhibition has far exceeded the expectation of its promoters.

But how are we ever to go to all the 'Private Views' and 'Press Views' to which we are now being summoned on every side? Recently there were no fewer than four of these 'Views' on the same Friday! The great increase of minor galleries and exhibitions is of course accountable for thus turning what used to be a pleasure into a toil, but surely it might be managed that the conscientious 'viewer' (I am not one of these) might do them all comfortably on successive days. The 'Private View' at the Institute of Water-Colors was, moreover, it really must be owned, a perfect bear-garden. An ill-dressed, ill-mannered, ill-humored crowd got together from Goodness knows where, for the purpose of Goodness knows what, elbowed and jostled and stared. Yet there was nothing to jostle for, and only themselves to stare at. If this promiscuous 'deal' of tickets is not put a stop to forthwith, it is quite certain that the 'Private View' of the Institute will come to be shunned like the plague. Already it is in considerable disrepute.

A new edition of the well-known Morris's 'British Birds' is now nearly ready. Twenty-nine new specimens of birds have been added—new, that is to Britain,—and the author has also made several thousand additions, corrections and alterations, so as to bring the whole up to date. And with it all, an old-world flavor will always hang about the delightful classic. The three hundred and ninety-four plates in it are all colored by hand, which in itself is an almost unheard of piece of work in these days.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

BOSTON has been chuckling at its own mistake this week. We always resent an outsider's laugh at our culture, our fads, or our foibles, but admit, with perfect independence, our own right as Dr. Jekyll to criticise ourselves as Mr. Hyde. It seems we have never rightly solved that ancient schoolboy question regarding George Washington. For years and years we have climbed up the long flight of stone steps to the great corridor under the gilded dome and then, scant of breath and tired of limb, but yet proud of possessing such an immense waste of granite over which to clamber, have turned aside for a moment from the battle-torn flags of the State House niches to bow in admiration before the Carrara marble bust of our patron saint, Samuel Adams. What more appropriate place for a memorial of the great man in whose official presence, as Governor of the Commonwealth, the cornerstone of the State Capitol was laid? What more suggestive of Boston's loving remembrance than this stone image resting for years in a niche of Doric Hall? What more—but stop; let us see what the learned antiquaries have to say. They examine the bust from brow to neck, from ear to ear, and decide that some unknown predecessor of the historic Little Buttercup has been at work, and that our Adams is not Adams at all, but Washington. For nearly two-score years the Father of his Country has beamed upon the citizens of Massachusetts—legislators, historians and general public alike—without their suspecting he was other than the Hon. Samuel Adams! There seems to be a touch of sarcasm in the report of the worthy commissioners when they point out that this bust of Washington is not an eccentric affair, but similar in features to two other well-known busts of the first President; and when, therefore, they solemnly recommend 'that the name of Samuel Adams be removed from the pedestal and that the name of Washington be inscribed in its place.'

As many have more cleverly said, the surest fame of a great man rests in his own works rather than the works of others over his grave. The idea is illustrated by the tributes recently paid to two famous Academies which owe their existence to the two Phillips, John and Samuel. In New York, Phillips Exeter and Phillips Andover have had their annual celebrations in the past month. In Boston on the 15th inst. another distinguished body of alumni will gather to honor the Rugby of America, the classic school of classic old Exeter. Strange that no author has written a book about this school, so rich in anecdotal history. It is fully as good a field for story as the other town, which now has its novel—the Rev. Herbert D. Ward's recently published 'New Senior at Andover.'

I am told, by the way, that this book has been warmly welcomed, and for that reason I was somewhat curious to learn the origin of the solitary harsh criticism which its author has received. The communication to the *Transcript* from Andover, over the signature of Paul Reverdy, has aroused comment because of the fierceness of its attack, but no one appears to know the writer. The charge that Mr. Ward was hostile to the Academy is regarded as

absurd; the very idea of such a book is to enhance the fame of the institution. I asked Mr. Ward yesterday regarding his impulse in writing the book. Said he earnestly:—'I love Andover devotedly—a great deal more than such as try to harm it by ignoring its defects. I certainly emphasized its great advantages. It does not seem to me, nor to many other old boys, that the book breathes a hostile spirit. Why, indeed, should it, with the feelings I maintain?' Mr. Ward also told me, when I asked if all the characters were fictitious (Reverdy having charged that they were drawn from life), that they all came from the imagination. Such a character as he depicted for the bully, he said, he had never known personally, and the names of both bully and hero were given solely because they were typical of the characteristics drawn for each. The dog, he added, was a study: it had to be. But there was no thought of personal allusions.

Among the new books in prospect, though not yet in the hands of the publishers, is one on college life at Amherst, by Mr. Ward. Before entering the Andover Theological Seminary the author was graduated at Amherst, so that he is familiar with his subject. A short story from his pen, entitled 'The White Crown,' is to appear in *The Century* this summer, and *Harper's Weekly* is soon to publish one of his sketches. Like other authors of to-day, Mr. Ward has been unable to resist the flattering syndicate offers—why, indeed, should they be rejected, though fashion has at times found pleasure in opposing them?—and some of his work is expected by the newspapers publishing the McClure articles. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is devoting her entire time to a memorial of her father, Prof Austin Phelps.

Mrs. Hemans's familiar lines, 'The Breaking Waves Dashed High,' have been set to music by a well-known Boston musician, Mr. George W. Chadwick, and the new composition has been given for the first time this past week. The audience at the Cecilia concert knew the composer and anticipated pleasure. Some of them, perhaps, remembered that story of his younger days when, 'tis said, he drove his father distracted by constantly filling in the blanks of the insurance policies, over which he was set at work, with clefts and staves, instead of dry-bone descriptions of household furniture. He dodges the dry-bones now, and loves the romantic. If I recall the date rightly, it was in 1880 that he made his *debut* in America as a conductor, directing then the performance of his 'Rip Van Winkle' overture at the Handel and Haydn festival. He was at that time only twenty-six years of age. To-day he is thirty-six and has added to his laurels by his 'Melpomene' overture (which, when played in Paris under Mr. Van Der Stucken's direction, bore off the honors of the evening), by his Symphony No. 2 (which the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought out a few years ago), and now by his latest work for chorus and orchestra, 'The Pilgrims' of last Thursday night. The poem taken for his theme was treated in a brilliant and sympathetic way. One bit of unconscious irony, however, was pointed out by a commentator, who noted that the lines, 'They have left unchanged what there they found—Freedom to worship God,' were set to the warring elements of fugal form, as if to point out the contradiction of facts to sentiments.

BOSTON, April 7, 1891.

W.

### The Lounger

BY A SLIP of the pen in the sketch of Dr. Crosby's life in last week's *Critic* the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church was mis-called Congregational. The attendance at the funeral services in that church, of which he had been so long the pastor, was a splendid tribute to his memory. Others, of a different character, were the editorials in the daily and weekly papers called forth by his death. The *Times* spoke truly when it said:—'Dr. Crosby was conspicuous because he was almost the only man in New York who habitually came up to the standard of good citizenship which we all secretly acknowledge to be the just standard, and in praising him for this we cannot but condemn ourselves.'

DR. HOWARD CROSBY literally lisped in Greek, for he was only six years old when he began the study of the language. In time he obtained an unusual mastery of it, and it was a delight to him to keep on intimate terms, as he did throughout his life, with the original text of the classics. It is thirty-four years since he and Prof. Drisler and a few others founded the Greek Club in this city—a society perhaps without a mate in all the world; and the fortnightly meetings of this small but select coterie of scholars were attended by the preacher and ex-teacher with a regularity that would have seemed out of the question in so crowded a life as his. One Friday evening, a few winters ago, Dr. Crosby was feeling very badly, but not too badly, he thought, to attend the meeting of the Club. Everything was covered with ice, and the first step from

his front door carried him out into the street upon his back. He returned to the house terribly shaken and shocked, rested a few moments, and then started off again—when any other man of his age, feeling as he had felt even before his fall, would have gone to bed thanking heaven that he had escaped a fatal injury. A treasured Greek text that he had taken under his arm on setting out the first time, could not be found; the next day it was returned by some one who had picked it up in the middle of the street. Both of Dr. Crosby's sons distinguished themselves by their proficiency in the study of Greek at college, and the younger of the two has made the teaching of that tongue his profession.

THE REV. DR. MENDENHALL, it seems, did not claim to be the author of 'The Breadwinners,' after all; so those who looked forward to a 'Beautiful Snow'—Rock me to Sleep, Mother' controversy will be disappointed. 'In my address on "The Higher Criticism," delivered in Chicago last Monday,' he says, 'I made the point that style does not assist us in determining the authorship of anonymous books. Among the books cited in proof, I referred to "The Breadwinners." I did not claim to be the author of that interesting social study, but did claim that I knew the name of the author, but could not reveal the secret.' This was enough: the fertile invention of the Chicago reporter instantly produced the tale of the false claimant. Dr. Mendenhall, however, does confess to knowing the name of the real author, though he won't tell it. Perhaps it would be safer, all things considered, for him to say that he *thinks* he knows it.

THE IMMENSE audience which witnessed Edwin Booth's performance of Hamlet at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on last Saturday afternoon probably saw the farewell appearance of the most famous American tragedian. It was not announced as his farewell to the stage, and I do not know that he had decided that it should be; but those who are nearest to him have little doubt of it, and there were enough people in the theatre who suspected it to make the final applause significant. The actor was recalled again and again, and though in a little speech he expressed the hope that this was not the last time he would appear before them, there was that in their reluctance to leave the theatre which showed that whatever hope they had was slight.

THERE ARE very few subjects of public interest upon which 'Ouida' has not had something to say. She usually says the unexpected, and she has done it this time. As a rule English authors and publishers have not received the news of the passage of the International Copyright law in the most gracious spirit. They seem to think that half a loaf is as little as no bread, but 'Ouida' is of a different mind. She takes her fellow-countrymen to task, and boldly says:—'The English robbery is quite as bad as the American. The later is now ended; why not the former?' Thank you, 'Ouida.' A friend in—England—is a friend indeed! A friend of longer standing and of greater weight is the beloved Laureate; and he, too, has expressed, though privately, his satisfaction at the passage of the Copyright Bill. In answering a letter to the poet in which an American correspondent informed him that the bill had become a law, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson says that his father 'is too old to benefit much from it himself, but he rejoices that this act of justice should have been done by America, and that English authors will in the future profit by the new law.'

*L'Art dans les Deux Mondes* notes that on the seventh of March, at Mr. Chase's studio, Carmencita 'a été applaudie par mesdames Fish, Rhinelander Jones, F. Whithridge, E.-L. Godkim, Van Rensselaer, Curtis et toute l'assistance qui a fort goûté cette fête de nuit, d'un genre assez rare à New-York.'

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who signs himself 'Amateur,' has brought down the wrath of the artistic fraternity upon the head of the editor of that paper, by a communication in which the moral character of American artists is attacked. Two questions forcibly suggest themselves in this connection. One is, Should editors be held responsible for the opinions expressed by their correspondents? And the other, Should dignified men allow themselves to get excited because they are attacked by a writer who hides behind a *nom de plume*? What 'Amateur' said was only worth noticing if said by a man of position over his own name, or editorially by a journal of good standing. To charge American artists as a class with immorality is too silly to provoke serious discussion. As a class they are eminently respectable. The married men among them live happily with their wives, and the bachelors are wedded to their art. The man who thinks that artists are a wild lot of fellows who wear long hair and velvet coats, and whose morals are as loose as their neckties, knows



nothing of the American painters of to-day. Half of them don't even wear velvet jackets when they paint. Their wildest orgies are afternoon teas in their studios, where the primmest maidens properly chaperoned sip the Chinese nectar from eggshell cups and go into raptures over the portraits of the society belles that look down upon them from the walls.

I HAVE HEARD it said that the Academy of Design has decided to boycott the *Commercial*. To just what extent that journal will be damaged by this decision, I do not know; but I suspect that any official action of the sort will be regarded as a big 'ad' by the publishers of the boycotted sheet. To anyone who knows the *Commercial* the idea that it would be unjust to artists as a class is absurd. There is no paper in the city that goes farther out of its way to serve the cause of art, and no one who has more friends among the artists than its editor.

IF PURPLE EYES, golden hair, perfect features and teeth of a most delicate purity have anything to do with the power to write a novel, a master-piece of fiction is by way of being given to the world 'at some future date not far distant.' My remote Western correspondent's name is unfamiliar to me: the initials are E. E. B. 'DEAR EDITOR:—A number of your paper has fallen into my hands and I have taken the liberty [sic] to send you an item of news. Mrs. — of this city has just been elected to "The Incorporated Society of Authors" of London, Eng. You remember Lord Tennyson is Pres. and Walter Besant Sec. She is a contributor to nearly all leading magazines in the U. S. and England—is only twenty years of age. . . . She has travelled extensively abroad and is accounted the brightest woman correspondent of her age (20) in the U. S. She has a novel in the hands of Lippencott of Philadelphia. She is tall and slender as a reed—deep purple eyes and golden hair, and her face bears the double beauty of intelligence far above the common order coupled with perfect features and teeth of a most delicate purity. All Colorado is heralding her success. Will you kindly send me a copy of the paper containing her notice.'

FROM FULTON, MO., G. W. H. 'respectfully submits' this note:—Mrs. Julia McNair Wright has written a Danish novel, "Frii Dagmar's Son"—the only original story of Danish Home Life that has been written in English, we believe. It has the wreck of the Danmark as part of the plot. A copy of the book is being sent to the Queen of Denmark. The copy is bound in white corded and watered silk; the corners are rounded, the edges of the cover beaded in gold; the edges of the leaves heavily gilt. The title is set diagonally across the upper part of the front cover, and below are the Danish Arms Royal, hand-painted. The monogram of the Nat'l Temp. Soc. is on the centre of the other cover and "Wright," in gold script is on the back. The fly-leaves and lining of cover are of the white silk. The book is enclosed in a heavy box of white enamel lined with puffed white silk and closed with a clasp. Mrs. Wright is a wonderfully energetic woman and amid the writing of "Frii Dagmar's Son" and work for a School Series, won the New York *Observer's* first prize for short stories.'

*L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux*—the 'French Notes and Queries,' as it calls itself—reprints from *The Critic* of Feb. 14 Talleyrand's oath of allegiance (19 May 1794) to Pennsylvania and the United States. A correspondent, it may be remembered, quoted the document from the rare volume, recently printed for private circulation, containing Memoirs of Matthew and Gerardus Clarkson of Philadelphia, by their great-grandsons. At it happened, *L'Intermédiaire* had published, not long before, an inquiry to which this furnished the desired answer.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE following new subscriptions were received during the week ending April 4, by Treasurer W. R. Stewart, 54 William Street:—\$100 each:—Charles de Rham (additional), A. S. Rosenbaum, John H. Wyman (additional), R. T. Wilson, Aaron Healy, Brooklyn; and A. M. Dodge.

\$50 each:—Charles de Rham, Jr., E. D. Morgan (additional), and William Hall Penfold.

\$25 each:—Frederick D. Thompson, George Macculloch, J. L. Miller (additional), Eaton, Cole & Burnham Co. (additional), Cleveland H. Dodge, and Schultz, Innes & Co.

\$10 each:—Frederick G. Lee, Mrs. Frederick G. Lee, and Howland Pell.

\$5:—Miss Maud S. Lee. \$1:—M. D. C. (additional).

Amount subscribed to April 4, inclusive, \$97,525.44; balance needed, \$18,474.56.

### Advice to a Young Apprentice

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only poets know. COWPER.

WASTE NOT, O rhymester, on these slipshod strains

Thy untrained power; set not thy aim so low.

Remember each through art, not chance, attains

True ease in writing. Keep in mind this *mot*:

'Your easy writing'—Sheridan says so—

'Is d—d hard reading.' Art alone remains.

With art then pay the world the debt you owe,  
And prove the pleasure of poetic pains.

Fear not to wear the Sonnet's golden chains;

Thus bound to thought you shall its secrets know.

Shrink not to weave the Ballade's silken skeins,

For in small webs you may perfection show.

In the Chant Royal, stately, solemn, slow,

Engrave high thoughts; and for thy lighter veins

Still make the Rondel, Villanelle, Rondeau,

And prove the pleasure of poetic pains.

And if the world indifferent disdains

Thy practice, let not negligence o'erthrow

Ambition. Never art alone obtains

The prize; for art, though good, is but the bow

To send the pointed shaft. Still further go,

And make thy poem be more than it feigns.

The 'grace beyond the reach of art' bestow,

And prove the pleasure of poetic pains.

ENVOY.

So shalt thou be rewarded well, I trow,

For, wakening some glorious morning, lo,

Fair Fame may spread thy name through her domains,

And prove the pleasure of poetic pains.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

ERNEST WHITNEY.

### The Fine Arts

#### The National Academy's Sixty-sixth Exhibition

THERE IS no lack of good pictures at the Spring Exhibition at the National Academy of Design. They are to be found everywhere, some of them even on the line. There are, in particular, some excellent portraits, of which the most thoroughly satisfactory is that of a painter at his easel, by William Chase. Mr. Sargent's of a young lady in pink with a bunch of purple orchids, though excessively careless in parts, is so harmonious in color and handling as to make us forgive its faults. And A. Castaigne's portrait of a young man in a nonchalant attitude, astride of a chair, is worthy of that admiration which is due to great cleverness. In landscape, H. W. Ranger's 'Seaport' (if we read the name aright, the supply of catalogues having been much less than the demand) is a highly successful attempt in the manner of the modern Dutch school. The shipping is rendered with knowledge and not too much elaboration. There is a sense of the motion of clouds and water; and the greys in which the picture abounds are full of color. This is in the corridor. Stephen Parrish's little landscape in the east gallery is still better. It is a bit of hilly country with a road dipping in successive steps from the high foreground to a straggling hamlet in the middle distance. The ideal in figure subjects is more largely represented than usual, and certain recent discussions seem to have brought nymphs, fairies and naiads out of their hiding-places, looking, it must be said, supremely unconscious that there is, or has been, any talk about them. H. O. Walker's 'Fortune and the Boy' is, indeed, so severely classical in its exquisite lines and Quakerish modesty of coloring that it might be admitted even to a Philadelphia drawing-room. For the rest, it is a very graceful rendering of a somewhat hackneyed theme. Mr. Cox's 'Poet's Vision' has already been described in *The Critic*. Mr. Low's 'Dryad,' with the sunlight shining through her crimson drapery and the spring-like greens of the foliage, charms the mind as well as the eye.

There are one or two excellent and many good *genre* pieces, Mr. Tarbell's group of three young women in open sunshine being the most remarkable. It is to be hoped that no one will call it 'impressionistic' because it is painted in a very high key and is spoiled, as a picture, by the aggressive red hat of the central figure. As a *tour de force*, it should give the painter much satisfaction. Mr. Hovenden's large interior is very well painted, but very awkward in composition. Siddons Mowbray's Eastern dancing-girl is brilliant and graceful, as are all his Oriental fancies; and J. C. Arter, Chas. C. Curran, C. R. Grant and F. C. Jones have pictures worth looking at. Two clever compositions in which the decorative idea

rules are Walter Shirlaw's group of buxom Italian girls laughing over a love-letter which one of them is reading to the rest, and a dancing group by T. W. Dewing. There are several good portrait busts, but only one statue—an attractive boyish figure, seated, and listening, it is to be supposed, to the sound of falling water, as if intended for a fountain. The sculptor is E. Wuertz.

### Art Notes

A MOVEMENT is on foot which has in view an end very much to be desired—the opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sunday. For years a favored few—the families of the Trustees—have been permitted to enter the building, more or less surreptitiously, on that day; but its doors have been persistently closed to the very class whose opportunities of visiting it are limited to the infrequent holidays allowed us by our busy commercial system. Petitions now in circulation are receiving innumerable signatures, and it is hoped that before long the Museum will be as easy of access to the mass of the people on Sunday as those resorts now are whose influence is as hostile to the spirit of the day as that of art is friendly. The semi-annual reception at the Museum will be held on Monday, May 4, from 8 to 11 P.M. The Trustees have decided to try the experiment of holding it in the evening in answer to the requests of many patrons unable to visit the Museum in the afternoon.

—Mr. Durand-Ruel is making arrangements for an exhibition this summer, at his Paris galleries, of paintings by American artists. At his galleries in this city he has just received a number of canvases by French Masters—Rousseau, Corot, Decamps, etc.

—Apropos of the collection of his works just now on exhibition here, the *Times* remarks:—

Mr. Verestchagin is a quick observer and catches a distinctive type readily. He would have done better to have published a book, illustrated by himself from these pictures, on the ethnography of the Balkans and Central Asia, than to have attempted the difficult career of an artist. He is an illustrator, not a painter. He wields a facile pen, and possesses the temperament of those who, loving to instruct, mistake glibness for originality.

—Mr. Russell Sturgis is delivering before the Brooklyn Institute his course of lectures on 'The Sources of Modern Art.'

—The April *Art Amateur*—a very profusely illustrated number—repeats the suggestion made in a previous issue of that monthly, that Chicago's 'own Sarah Hallowell' be appointed Art Director of the Columbian Exposition.

### Poetry versus Botany

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the graceful lines of Mr. Maurice Thompson which you print on page 127 of your issue of March 7, the tulip, the hollyhock and the dahlia all appear to be in bloom at once. At what particular season of the year does this floral conjunction occur in Mississippi? NEW YORK. W. A. S.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The criticism so courteously implied in the note by W. A. S. might have, indeed it ought to have, weight in a discussion before a botanical society; but a convention of true poets would not be apt to consider it. The moment that the poet sets himself to make poetry by the rules of formal science, he becomes a mere versifier. The main trouble with contemporary poetry is discoverable in its stinging, cramping, withering realism, the result of a movement towards photography and mere fact-reporting.

Science is perfectly safe in the hands of specialists who do the drudgery and clean up the doubtful places; but even in science it is the impressionist who makes epochs—the man who grasps the aggregate meaning of a nebula of facts is the *poietas* in every field of discovery. It is the same in poetry as in botany; the little fellow who is so particular about details that he cannot see the main drift of a million forces is very useful; but he never grows more than knee-high, and all that he ever does is to suggest something to a Darwin or a Spencer, a Shakespeare or a Tennyson. The only instance that I can recall of a complete blunder by that charming writer John Burroughs is his paper wherein he attempts to bind poets down to scientific particulars in Nature-study. I undertake to prove by history, if I ever find time to do it, that no man can be a poet on 'scientific' principles, as science is understood by the specialists. A poet may be both science-specialist and poet; but not both in the same work.

Now, as to my poor little conceit, I am the last one to defend it. What I write must stand on its own legs. One thing is sure, however: in writing that bit of verse I did not give botany even a side-squint. I had in mind a fancy, suggested by a humming-bird

which I had just seen whirling about in a flower-garden here, and the great need I felt was to picture that fancy, not to communicate botanical commonplaces.

By the way, I have frequently lectured on botany and other natural-history subjects (for a valuable consideration), and I may do it again at need; but I never refer to Swinburne or quote Shelley or Keats in making a point on fossil ferns or on presently living lichens; the typical poet and Asa Gray stand far aloof from each other. It is impossible to squeeze triangles, logarithms, spectrum-analyses or systematic botany out of a genuine poem; and the man who tries to make a poem out of natural history details sets himself down as a duffer. Goethe discovered some valuable facts in anatomy and in plant-structure; but he could not make poetry out of them any more than he could have made a report on the 'relation of the skull to the backbone' out of 'Faust,'—or any more than he could have made the 'Sorrows' a monograph on the kinship between flowers and leaves.

After all, mayhap W. A. S. will conclude that I have avoided his question. If it is botanical information that he (or she) is seeking, and not the cracking of a poetic nut, a word or two will suffice. Here in Bay Saint Louis no particular garden-flower has any particular 'season' for blowing; most of them bloom nearly all the year round if properly cared for. I do not know that I have ever seen 'the tulip, the hollyhock and the dahlia' blooming at the same moment in any garden of our old buccaneer town; but I'll bet three hats that I can have them do it without discrediting either poetry or botany. Turning back again to my bit of verse, if I had in writing it any conscious aim other than at the expression of a certain cosmic effect, a glorious blur of color and motion, produced upon my imagination by all the humming-birds and all the flowers that my eyes have seen since infancy, I am not now aware of it. I failed; but the failure, I think, was not caused by the lack of botanical exactness suggested in the polite note of W. A. S.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISS., March 24, 1891.

### Egyptian Antiquities

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

All who have read Dr. Binion's letter in *The Critic* of March 21 should read that of Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson in the issue of Feb. 7, particularly mine in that of Feb. 28, and the extracts from *The Independent* (Dr. W. Hayes Ward) and the *Commercial Advertiser* in the issue of March 7. First, when I wrote my letter I did not know that the New York Historical Society had taken steps to have a new and admirably-fitted building for exhibiting its Egyptian and other treasures to scholars and general visitors. The very *Critic* containing my letter announced (to me) that delightful fact. Secondly, I wished to support the statements of Mrs. Stevenson, with some explanation as to the purposes of the Egypt Exploration Fund with respect to its work, its publications, and its antiquities found. Thirdly, I had in view no elaborate and scholarly book, or series of volumes, but a full and useful catalogue of the collection for the general reader and visitor. Of course, the former would have to be the united production of several specialists and a general editor, and would by no means be 'an off-hand affair.' Dr. Binion says the 'catalogue of the collection already prepared is at present sufficient for the general public'; but Mrs. Stevenson observes: 'The catalogue itself, by the way, is not the least of the curiosities in the Museum.' 'An idea of the eccentricity of the catalogue' is conveyed in her examples given. Dr. Ward seems to think that America can furnish a goodly batch of scholars to translate the Egyptian and Assyrian texts in your city, and I suppose the 'Lutheran Minister' he refers to is the Rev. Charles E. Moldenke, Ph.D., whom I classed as a 'thorough hieroglyphist.'

Dr. Binion refers to the differences in the translations, even by the scholars themselves. Happily, excepting in obscure or incomplete texts, that difficulty is growing less, owing to the multiplying texts through discovery and research, and to the many thorough scholars now engaged in translating. One important point should be decided—the pronunciation and (especially) the spelling of proper names. For the benefit of readers in Egyptian history and visitors to Egyptian collections, such a name as Thothmes should not be variously given as Thothmes, Tahutmes, or Thutmosis. Had I attended the last Congress of Orientalists (held at Stockholm) I think I should have put the pertinent question: 'Can there not be a consensus among Egyptologists in the spelling of proper names, at least for popular use?'

BOSTON, March 28, 1891.

WM. C. WINSLOW.

OF the last volume of the Egypt Exploration Fund, 'Bubastis,' just issued, Dr. W. C. Winslow writes to us:—'Here are 31



splendid photogravures, quarto size, and 23 plates of texts, to accompany the letter-press; all, with an annual report to boot, going to each subscriber of not less than \$5 to the fund. Verily, Dr. W. Hayes Ward was right:—"The annual volumes published are abundant remuneration to the subscribers of five dollars."

### The New Clinton Hall

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, now in temporary quarters at 67 Fifth Avenue, will be closed on Monday, April 13, in order to expedite its removal to the new Clinton Hall in Astor Place, where it will doubtless remain for fifty or a hundred years to come. The new building, which will be completed by about the first of May, is a seven-story structure more than twice as high as the historic Clinton Hall which it replaces. The latter was an unpretentious but pretty building, while the former, though spacious and commodious to a degree undreamt of when the old hall was built, is wholly devoid of architectural beauty. Not wholly so, perhaps, for the Potter building, on the lower side of Astor Place, shows that brick and glass and iron may be wrought into infinitely less graceful and harmonious forms; but its merits, artistically speaking, are nearly all of a negative character. It is, however, calculated to serve all practical purposes most satisfactorily; and the patrons of the Library, when they step into one or the other of the two large elevators which are to convey them to the reading-room and reference department on the sixth floor, and the circulating department on the seventh, will rejoice over the changes a twelve-month has wrought. And the *attachés*, too, who have been cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd during the past year in narrow quarters, far away from their old surroundings, will be delighted to get back to the familiar neighborhood of *The Critic* office.

The ground floor of the new Hall will be occupied after May 1 by the Astor Place (National) Bank. Such a bank is sorely needed just where this one is to be, and it would have been a misfortune if the site had not been chosen for the purpose it is proposed to put it to. The Astor Place is to have a capital stock of \$250,000 and a paid up surplus of the same amount; and among the heaviest stockholders will be such well-known publishers as Gen. A. C. Barnes, Vice-President of the American Book Co., Mr. Charles Scribner, Mr. Effingham Maynard and Police Justice C. N. Taintor, besides Mr. Joseph J. Little, Mr. Theo. L. De Vinne, and Mr. L. H. Biglow, the printers. The financial banking of the concern will be drawn also from such houses as E. J. Denning & Co., James McCreery & Co., John Daniell & Sons, and the Sinclair House.

Among the offices to be located in other parts of the building will be those of *The Christian Union* and of the American edition of *The Review of Reviews*.

### International Copyright

#### FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS: THE FIGHT IN THE SENATE.

AN ACCOUNT of the prompt passage of the Copyright Bill by the House of Representatives on the 3d of December, 1890, has already appeared in these columns (see *The Critic* of Dec. 14, 1890). At that time it was hoped that the bill would pass the Senate with similar promptness, since under the leadership of Senator Chace substantially the same measure had passed substantially the same body in the Fiftieth Congress. But the Joint-Committee assumed nothing, and it neglected no precaution in bringing to the attention of Senators the desirability of passing the bill speedily and—lest the reform be endangered—without amendment. It was soon discovered that serious and unusual obstacles were to be encountered. The most pressing proved to be the lack of time. The Elections Bill occupied the attention of the Senate from the opening of the session until Jan. 5. The 'side-tracking' of that measure to make way for the Silver Bill, which chiefly occupied the time of the Senate until Jan. 18, was the signal for a general scramble for precedence on the part of many other measures. It was now most important that the Copyright Bill should secure a good place on the order of business which was to be determined upon by the 'Steering Committee' of the Republican majority. By dint of quick and urgent personal work with members of the Committee, second place on the list was obtained, first place being given to a so-called Labor Bill—a class of legislation, as one Senator put it, 'which nobody wishes to vote against—and,' he added drily, 'which nobody wishes to vote for.' The Democrats were not satisfied with the mere announcement of an order of business which omitted the dreaded Elections Bill, and as they showed a disposition to discuss all legislation at a somewhat too leisurely pace, their opponents found it necessary to have this order of business formally ratified by the Republican caucus. The friends of the Copyright Bill now had to fight to retain the advantage they had secured. The importance of that success will be

evident when it is remembered that of all the bills on the caucus list, only one other bill is now a law. Several were not reached. One or two were defeated and one was withdrawn. The wonder is that with so many measures clamoring for attention the Copyright Bill should have got through in any shape. That it passed in such admirable form is the highest tribute to Senator Platt's parliamentary skill and single-minded devotion.

I have said *single minded*, but I might also have said *single-handed*; for although Senators Hawley, Evarts, Hoar, Hiscock, Aldrich and others spoke and worked earnestly for the bill, the forensic combat—the parliamentary parry and thrust—seemed to fall upon Senator Platt alone. Never was one man more fully 'in charge' of a measure, and an abler lot of opponents than Senators Frye, Sherman, Carlisle and Gray it would be difficult to find. The debate will show, I think, that Senator Platt had the better of the argument: but unfortunately it was not a question of argument. Many considerations added to the obstacles to be met: 1. The chafing impatience of every other Senator, including Mr. Paddock (with the Pure Food Bill) and Mr. Dolph (with the Indian Depredations Claims Bill)—both locally popular measures and both in charge of friends of Copyright. 2. The certainty that the Appropriation bills would soon be along to claim right of way. 3. A considerable loss of time by eulogies or adjournment on the occasion of the death of Secretary Windom, Admiral Porter and General Sherman. 4. The incomprehensible indifference of many Senators to Copyright reform. 5. The noticeable lack of acquaintance among Senators with the conditions and workings of the book-trade. 6. The very deep seated prejudice on both sides of the Chamber against certain publishers, which came to operate against the entire trade. 7. An intense prejudice against certain prominent authors who of late years have acted in opposition to the party now in ascendancy in the Senate. Due acknowledgment has been made elsewhere (see extract from *The Evening Post* quoted in *The Critic* of March 21) of the fact that in the Senate the support of the bill came almost entirely from the Republican side, and the obstacle here cited is mentioned only to give proper weight to what was one of the most difficult and delicate points in the problem which Senator Platt was called upon to solve.

On Feb. 10, after many wearying delays, the bill was finally reached, and from that time forward it had such a varying fate that it is not to be wondered at that in some quarters it has not yet been discovered whether the bill as passed is satisfactory to those who supported it. The fight was first against the Frye or lithographers' amendment, which compelled the manufacture in this country of every article (besides books) to which copyright is extended. The lithographers had made an admirable canvass under the leadership of Mr. G. W. Donaldson, and unexpectedly developed strength enough to carry the amendment by three votes. This hasty action formally excluded all foreign artists from copyright. The Sherman amendment was then carried by a single vote, one of our friends arriving from the barber-shop three minutes too late to defeat it. This amendment made American copyright practically worthless by striking out the prohibition of importation of copyright works. Altogether the two amendments were a blind, lame and impotent conclusion of an attempt to *extend* copyright! There were, however, two more chances for us, (1) to eliminate 'in the Senate' these amendments adopted 'in the Committee of the Whole,' and (2) to eliminate or modify them in the Conference Committees of the two Houses. Mr. Platt determined to take both chances. Immediately upon the adoption of the Frye amendment a vigorous attack upon it had been instituted. A circular had been issued, entitled 'The Senate's Blow at Art,' demonstrating its absurdity as applied to works of art and citing the opposition of prominent art authorities in New York and Boston to whose attention it had been brought by Messrs. R. W. Gilder, G. H. Putnam and Dana Estes, and who had protested by telegraph. By dint of vigorous work our line was held, and by careful looking after pairs four votes were gained; and thus at a single roll-call both amendments were rejected 'in the Senate' by two majority. They could, however, be moved again by altering a single word; and this was done.

Had there been time, I feel confident that this strength could not only have been maintained, but much increased, by discussion and personal appeal; but it was now the 17th of February, and there was the best of reasons for believing that unless the bill were passed the next day, it would be permanently laid aside, as the Elections Bill had been. Mr. Platt had also been notified that Mr. Edmunds would insist upon his amendment designating the President instead of the Attorney-General as the official by whom the announcement of reciprocity should be made. This meant that the bill must go into conference—against the policy of its friends and to its imminent peril. Our successful attack on the Frye amendment had induced its supporters to offer a concession (now embodied in the bill), and with the understanding that that amendment was

to be modified in Conference so as to preserve copyright in art works, music, etc., it was again adopted (Feb. 18) *by the aid of friends of the bill, to save time*. The same consideration gave the large vote for the modified Sherman amendment, which Mr. Carlisle had attempted without success to tinker into agreement with the principle of the bill. Even the Ingalls amendment admitting pirated books in periodical form was accepted—without a division. Those who did not know the inside of the situation thought we had been defeated at every point.

The contest was now transferred to the Conference Committees. The Senate conferees were appointed without loss of time, but it was not until Feb. 28—ten days later—that the House appointed its conferees. This delay was due partly to a two days' illness of the Speaker and to time occupied by the Shipping Bill, but at the time it was provokingly inexplicable. When finally the question came up in the House, Mr. Payson renewed his fierce opposition to the bill, with the skillful parliamentary tactics of which he is master, and which have accented his unenviable position as an opponent of Copyright reform; but Mr. Simonds fought him ably, assisted by Mr. Adams, and the Speaker overruled his points of order. The House—which was thoroughly well informed on the bill—rejected the Senate amendments, and conferees were appointed.

The conferees met on Sunday, the 1st of March, and agreed upon everything to our satisfaction except the Sherman amendment. Then and next day the majority of the Senate conferees—much to the surprise of the friends of the bill—held out for that amendment; the House conferees as stoutly contending that the House would not accept it. The House did indeed reject it by a majority of 50. This enabled us to urge that the only course was for the Senate to recede, but Senators Hiscock and Gray, probably misinterpreting the large vote in favor of the amendment on Feb. 18 as a vote upon its merits, still held out for it. Finally Mr. Hiscock was induced to support Mr. Platt's motion to recede, but this the Senate on the afternoon of March 3 refused to do by five majority. The horns were still locked and the outlook was gloomy.

It was now evident that some concession must be made in the Conference if the bill were to pass during the remaining 18 hours of the session. To accept the Sherman amendment was greatly to endanger the operation of the typesetting clause, if not to nullify it, and (even were one so disposed) to endanger the bill in the House. At this juncture recourse was had to an amendment which had been suggested by Mr. Donaldson on Sunday night and which had been thought well of as a last resort. It was to amend so as to permit importations of foreign editions in packages of two copies *without the consent of the owner of the American Copyright* instead of requiring such consent. This change it was felt would strengthen the bill, and would afford a ground of appeal to friends of copyright who had supported the Sherman amendment. The printers' Committee, led by Mr. John L. Kennedy, provided the way out of the dilemma by consenting to the Donaldson amendment on the evening of March 3.

The exciting scenes of the last sixteen hours of the session will not be forgotten by any of those who witnessed them. Mr. C. N. Bovee, Jr., was on hand to the last, fighting the bill actively. Representing the Joint Committee were Mr. W. W. Appleton and Mr. Charles Scribner, who had gone to Washington on March 1 to share with the Secretary the immediate responsibilities and labors of that critical time, and throughout the eventful night we had many consultations with Senator Platt, Mr. Simonds, Mr. Adams and Mr. Lodge. The last meeting of the Conference Committee was at 8 P.M. of the 3d, but its report (in terms above indicated), for lack of opportunity was not presented until after midnight. Another debate ensued, and at 1 o'clock A.M. the vote was reached by which the bill was passed—27 to 19. Mr. Platt had won at last. Mr. Pasco of Florida changed his vote to the affirmative, evidently to move a reconsideration, but as no such motion was made within the prescribed period of fifteen minutes the bill was then promptly taken to the House, where it was put upon its passage in the shape it had now assumed. Mr. Cummings, the spokesman of the printers, read an endorsement of it by their Committee, and after a half-hour's debate the bill passed at 2 o'clock, with Mr. Payson of Illinois, its fiercest opponent, asleep on a sofa in full view of the galleries! Mr. Simonds and his supporters had scored another victory over a stubborn opposition.

It now remained to have the bill enrolled, signed by the Speaker and the Vice-President, and then by the President. Mr. Simonds and Mr. Lodge hurried it off to the enrollment room, and Mr. Lodge, with Mr. Scribner, Mr. Appleton and the Secretary passed an impatient hour and a half in Statuary Hall which seemed like a year and a half. We had heard that Senator Pasco, at his leisure, had entered a motion to reconsider and to recall the bill from the House, and it was important to get as many legitimate barriers as possible

in the way of the execution of that motion even if it should be carried, which was not probable. The enrollment over, Mr. Lodge saw that no time was lost in getting the Speaker's signature. Mr. McPherson, Clerk of the House, took the bill with others to the Senate with the usual general announcement that he brought bills which had been passed by the House. These went in due course to the Vice-President, who was in his own room signing bills, Mr. Dolph being in the chair. The Copyright Bill was signed by Mr. Morton and the usual announcement of the fact was made by the chair.

Now arose a new danger to the bill. The opposition was furious at the situation due to its own neglect to push the motion to reconsider and recall, which had indeed been voted upon and defeated, but, as a quorum was not voting, was still pending. Certain Senators in heated terms affected to see a trick in the fact that the Vice-President had signed the bill while a motion to reconsider was pending, but Senator Edmunds, in a strong argument, gave his opinion that the Vice-President had done his duty, and after desultory talk other business was disposed of until 6 A.M., when the Senate took a recess till 9. Mr. Pasco's motion was pending and the bill was still on the Senate table. How was it to get to the President?

Mr. Platt, with Mr. Lodge (who had followed the bill closely all night), now informed Mr. Appleton, Mr. Scribner, and the Secretary that it was of the first importance, in order to put the bill beyond peradventure, that every friendly Senator should be informed of the situation and urged to be in his seat at 9 o'clock to defeat the Pasco motion, and at his suggestion a dictated circular-letter from him was delivered to Senators at their houses in different parts of the city before 8:30, some of the recipients being roused from their short sleep by the message, which at that early hour we were obliged to deliver ourselves. The result was that at the reassembling of the Senate the motion of Mr. Pasco was defeated 21 to 29—the latter being the largest friendly vote during the session.

There was now no longer a pretext for delaying the signature of the President, which was affixed to the bill between 10 and 11 o'clock on March 4, but on the parliamentary day of March 3. The long contest was over, to the everlasting honor of the American people.

In this rapid and necessarily incomplete review of the campaign it has not been possible to take note of much other special service. Important auxiliary work in the West was organized by Mr. Putnam at Denver and Minneapolis, and by Mr. Bowker at St. Louis, where Mr. Charles Claflin Allen acted as Secretary. The President of the Chicago Association is Gen. A. C. McClurg and its Secretary Mr. Hobart C. Taylor. The active coöperation of the Western Association of Writers has been due to the Hon. Cyrus F. McNutt of Terre Haute, President, and Miss Mary E. Cardwill of New Albany, Secretary, and also to Mr. Maurice Thompson. The members of the Washington Association, of which Dr. J. C. Wellington is President, have been of much service individually, and the organization was effectively utilized by Mr. Charles F. Benjamin, its Secretary *pro tem*. Mr. A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, has been a warm friend of the cause, and Mr. Thorvald Solberg gave much valuable labor to the revision of the text of the bill. Mr. Jules Boeufvé of the French Legation has been untiring in courtesies and assistance to members of the Committee. During the short session, ex-Senator Chace and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt were of particular service to the cause in Washington. The same may be said of Mr. H. O. Houghton and Mr. G. H. Putnam, who made special visits to the Capital. The cry that there was a 'publishers' lobby besieging Congress' was a well-cultivated invention of the enemy. Counting each day of each publisher's visit as a unit, it was equivalent to less than a three weeks' visit of one publisher, and this in a session of three months. Time would fail to tell of the individual work done in coöperation with the Committee by publishers, authors, printers' unions, librarians, educators, college men and others, in nearly every State of the Union, or to make adequate acknowledgment of the services of the press of the country, and particularly of the New York press, and of that admirable corps of journalists, the Washington correspondents, who have always had the reform at heart and have labored effectively for its success.

#### CROSSES AND A MEDAL FROM FRANCE

COUNT EMILE DE KERATRY, the soldier, journalist, author and diplomatist who has represented the literary and artistic societies of France in the effort to secure American recognition of foreign rights in works of art and literature, is again in this country, his present mission being to pin the cross of the Legion of Honor upon the breast of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Secretary of the American (Authors') Copyright League and of the Joint Executive



Committee, and of ex-Representative William E. Simonds of Connecticut, who was in charge of the Copyright Bill in the House from May, 1890, until its final passage in March, 1891. The decorations were bestowed last Monday evening. Senator Platt of Connecticut would have been similarly honored, but for the fact that his official position prevents his receiving such a compliment from a foreign government. He will therefore be decorated with a gold medal which the various non-official organizations represented by the Count have caused to be struck for the occasion. The gallant Frenchman who comes to our shores on this mission of compliment will be the guest of honor at the dinner to be given at Sherry's on Monday evening to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the founding of the American Copyright League. An account of his exploits with sword and pen appeared in these columns at the time of the Copyright breakfast at Delmonico's, on Dec. 7, 1889, at which also he was the special guest.

The coming dinner promises to be an occasion of much interest. Mr. Stedman, who is one of the Vice-Presidents of the League, will occupy the chair; and invitations to attend have been accepted, not only by Count de Kératry, but by Senator Platt and ex-Senator Chace; by Messrs. W. E. Simonds, Henry Cabot Lodge, Ashbel P. Fitch, and Wm. McAdoo, who were among the hardest workers for the bill in the House; and by President Low of Columbia College.

#### THANKING THE CHAMPIONS OF THE CAUSE

AT A MEETING of the Council of the American (Authors') Copyright League on March 31, resolutions of thanks were adopted in recognition of the important services rendered to the cause of International Copyright by Senator O. H. Platt, Hon. W. E. Simonds, Hon. George E. Adams, Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Hon. Jonathan Chace, Hon. W. L. Wilson and Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, and a general resolution was passed in appreciation of the action of those members in each House who supported the Copyright Bill. In further resolutions cordial recognition was made of the services of the Executive Committee of the Publishers' League, and especially Mr. George Haven Putnam, Secretary of that body; of the members of the International Copyright Association of Boston, and especially of its Secretary, Mr. Dana Estes; of Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, representative of the Typothetæ; of Mr. John L. Kennedy, representative of the Typographical Committee at Washington; of the 'many helpful friends' of the Copyright cause at Washington, particularly of Dr. James C. Welling (President) and Charles F. Benjamin (Secretary) of the Washington Copyright Association; of the Western Association of Writers, especially of Cyrus F. McNutt, President, and Miss Mary E. Cardwill, Secretary. The Council also put on record 'the obligations of the American Copyright League to Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, one of its originators, its chief organizer, and, for the first two years of its existence, its Secretary.'

#### A RUMOR FROM LONDON

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Athenæum* writes:—

'There is already some talk of an association of English authors and owners of copyrights, having for one of its special objects the establishment or control of a first-class printing house in the United States. This is regarded by some authors as an indispensable preliminary to any attempt to take advantage of the new Act, since it would be the only effectual guarantee against their books being "printed in the American language." Though the United States Senate and House of Representatives have agreed together on certain principles of copyright legislation, and the President has assented to an Act of Congress, this Act will not become operative for Englishmen until the American Secretary of State has declared himself satisfied, in the terms of the Act, that equivalent privileges of copyright are secured for United States citizens in 'his country.'

#### Notes

FUNK & WAGNALLS announce for early issue a third edition of the 'Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia,' originally published in 1884 in three large octave volumes; then in a revised form in 1887, when the same firm issued a supplementary yet independent volume, 'The Encyclopædia of Living Divines,' in which the attempt was made to give sketches, derived from the subjects themselves, of the prominent living authors in theology. This latter work is considered indispensable by those who have used it. In the new edition of the 'Schaff-Herzog,' as the Encyclopædia is commonly called, 'Living Divines' will be incorporated with the main work, and the whole divided into four volumes. The 'Living Divines' will have a second appendix containing additional biographical and bibliographical data.

—Mr. Howells in this month's *Harper's* compares the popular Spanish writer Señora Bazán to George Eliot, and expresses his surprise that her books have not been translated into English. One of them, however, 'A Christian Woman,' is issued this week as the initial volume in Cassell's Blue Library, and announcement is made that the Cassell Publishing Co. have become Señora Bazán's authorized publishers in this country. They have made similar arrangements also with Señor Galdos.

—The house of Murray and the house of Longman were joint publishers of books as early as 1804, and Dr. Smiles's 'History of the House of Murray' will be reviewed in *The Illustrated London News* by Mr. C. J. Longman. Messrs. Scribner are the American publishers of the book, which is issued in two large volumes, with portraits.

—Charles Scribner's Sons have in press 'The Peace of the Church,' by the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, Rector of Grace Church, New York, who has been prominently mentioned as a possible successor to the late Bishop Paddock of Massachusetts.

—Macmillan & Co. are about to publish Mr. William Winter's 'Gray Days and Gold,' and a new edition of his 'Shakespeare's England,' issued in uniform style.

—The prettiest edition—the best bound, best printed and most neatly covered—of 'Black Beauty' that we have seen comes from the press of D. Appleton & Co., and is called 'Azabache.' The book is a translation into Spanish of the late Miss Anna Sewall's famous autobiography of a horse, of the English and American issues of which, according to a note in the present edition, about two million copies have been sold.

—W. S. Gottsberger & Co. publish to-day 'The Story of an Abduction in the Seventeenth Century,' by J. van Lennep, translated from the Dutch by Mrs. Clara Bell.

—Mr. O. B. Frothingham's 'Recollections and Impressions,' covering the years 1822 to 1890, will be published by Messrs. Putnam, who also announce 'A Year in Portugal,' by Dr. George B. Loring, formerly Minister to that country. 'Theodorick the Goth' is the subject of the next volume in the Putnam's Heroes of the Nations Series. Thomas Hodgkin is the author. In May or June the volume on 'Sir Philip Sidney and the Chivalry of England,' by H. R. Fox-Bourne, will be brought out.

—Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger ('Julien Gordon') has written a novel called 'Vampires' for the *May Lippincott's*. A portrait of the author, with a sketch by Mrs. Sherwood, will appear in the same number.

—A new tale will open the collection of Mr. Janvier's stories of Mexico and the Southwest announced by Messrs. Appleton under the title of 'Stories of Old New Spain.' The book is dedicated to the author's wife, by whom the cover and head- and tail-pieces have been designed.

—*Figaro* declares that, besides his memoirs, the Duc de Broglie possesses the whole of Talleyrand's correspondence, from the year 1789 to the time of his death, and will probably publish all of it.

—The celebration of the eightieth birthday of Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princeton, is described in the current *Harper's Weekly*, the article being accompanied by a portrait of Dr. McCosh and illustrations of the silver presented to him on April 1.

—Mr. William Sharp, in an article in the March number of *The National Review* has this to say of two New York poets:—

Mrs. Stoddard is one of the most original women novelists of our time. Although too austere in style and sombre in sentiment to please most readers, Mrs. Stoddard's three novels will long remain steadfast rocks among drifting seas. Her poetry also, though uncollected in book form, has the unmistakable note of distinction. There are few lyrics which burn in upon the reader's imagination to a higher degree than 'Mercedes,' where a dramatic episode is told with a succinct completeness which is in itself rare art. . . . After Poe, R. H. Stoddard is the finest 'lyric voice' in America. His songs are as spontaneous and as winsome as those of a bird, and below the blythe lilt of each is a true and potent imagination.

—A paper on 'The Early History of the Press of the United States' was read before the Historical Society on Tuesday evening by Ainsworth R. Spofford, LL.D., Librarian of Congress. The first printing-press used in America was set up in the City of Mexico in 1535, the first English press was established in Philadelphia in 1685, and the first newspaper (the *Boston News-Letter*) was published on April 24, 1704. Fourteen years later it boasted a circulation of 300 copies. It was discontinued at the outbreak of the Revolution. At the beginning of the present century there were 91 newspapers published in the United States as against 18,000 at the present time. But previous to the Revolution there had been over 8000 books, pamphlets and periodicals published here, 7350 of which were of American authorship.

—Mr. William Sharp is bringing out a volume which he calls 'Sospiri di Roma: Poems of Rome and the Agro Romano,' in unrhymed, irregular measures. The book consists of 'memories and impressions: 1883, 1890-91.' It is printed for the author by La Società Laziale, Rome.

—The *Athenaeum* says of Mr. L. J. Jennings's new novel that 'there is some decidedly skillful delineation of character in "The Philadelphian," and a strain of dry and unforced humor.'

—Mrs. Annie Besant, who first came into notoriety as a co-worker with Charles Bradlaugh in publishing philosophical works, and who contributes a eulogy of her late associate to the current *Review of Reviews*, arrived here on Wednesday on the City of New York. The chief cause of her visit is to be present at the Theosophical Convention at Boston on April 26, where she will represent Mme. Blavatsky and the English section of the Theosophical Society. Mrs. Besant will lecture here at Scottish Rite Hall on April 13, 15, and 17, her subjects being: 'London: Its Wealth and Its Poverty,' 'Dangers Menacing Society' and 'Labor Movements in the Old World.' On April 22 in Brooklyn, and on April 27 in Boston, she will deliver 'A Message of Theosophy to the Western World.' She will lecture at Washington on the 20th.

—Helen Hamilton Gardener, author of 'A Thoughtless Yes,' writes to us that Mr. Dole (*Critic*, March 28, p. 171) 'evidently confuses me with my sister-in-law, who lives in Brooklyn,' as she (H. H. G.) is not the author of 'Is this Your Son, my Lord?' She has, however, visited Boston recently, and there admitted that her own book was selling at the rate of a thousand copies a week.

—M. Zola is the new President of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

—A Southern newspaper announces that the widow of Stonewall Jackson recently started for this city to arrange for the publication of the promised life of her husband.

—The Harvard Board of Overseers voted, on Wednesday, not to shorten the course. The action of the Board was recommended by its committee. The shortening of the course from four to three years had been proposed by a majority of the faculty.

—At the Authors Club's first reception to women, on the evening of Thursday, April 2, the reception committee consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews, and Mr. and Mrs. Moncure D. Conway. Among those present were Isabella Alden, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, Miss Helen Gray Cone, Miss Matt Crim, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Emily E. Ford, Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, Miss Isabella F. Haggood, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Miss Augusta Larned, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, Miss Edith M. Thomas, Miss Susan Hayes Ward, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson.

—Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson (so Mr. Moncure D. Conway declares) is a grandson of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher to whose care Washington confided his adopted son John Curtis, the great-grandfather of Gen. Lee.

—Edmund Dehault de Pressensé, the well-known French Protestant Episcopal pastor and author, died at Paris on Wednesday, aged sixty-seven years.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin Prime, who died at his home in this city on Tuesday last, was a brother of the late Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime, editor and chief owner of the New York *Observer*, and of Mr. William C. Prime, editor and chief owner of *The Journal of Commerce*. From 1853 to 1885, when his brother died, he was the *Observer's* associate editor. His predilection for the Presbyterian ministry was hereditary, his father and grandfather having both been clergymen. Dr. Prime was born on Nov. 2, 1814, and was educated at Union College and the Princeton Theological Seminary. His writings include 'Around the World' (1872—several editions), 'Forty Years in the Turkish Empire' (1875), being memoirs of Dr. William Goodell; 'Calvinism and Missions,' 'Civil and Religious Liberty in Turkey,' and 'Notes, Genealogical, Biographical and Bibliographical, of the Prime Family.'

—The 'Antigone' was performed by women at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, on Friday evening, April 3, the occasion drawing together what has been described as 'one of the largest, the most brilliantly dressed and the most cultured companies that ever assembled in Connecticut for entertainment, instruction and amusement.' Neither toil nor expense had been spared by the management to make the interior of the theatre conform to the traditional appearance of that in which the plays of Sophocles were originally produced, nor to provide the players with proper costumes and accessories. There is no falling of the curtain in the

play, and no change of scenery or dresses: everything depends upon the efforts of the actors. And the efforts of those who presented the play at New Haven seem to have been gratifyingly successful. Creon the King was played by Mrs. S. H. Chapman, and the Queen by Miss Lily White, while Mrs. H. Grant Thompson took the part of Antigone. The musical director was Max Dessauer, the orchestra being from New York. The costuming was all done under the direction of the Misses Kate and Lucy Trowbridge, daughters of Prof. Trowbridge of Columbia College. The sale of seats for the evening performance realized about \$6000; and the attendance at the matinee was also very large, parties having gone from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Albany to witness it.

—The first of the two Authors' Readings for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association was given at the hall, 7 East 15th Street, on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Richard W. Gilder presided, the other readers being Messrs. H. C. Bunner, John Habberton, Frank Dempster Sherman, F. Hopkinson Smith, and R. H. Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard's selections were the two poems 'Songs Unsung' and 'The Follower'; Mr. Smith's, 'Espero Gorgonio, Gondolier'; Mr. Habberton's 'I want to see the wheels go round' and 'A Quiet Sunday'; Mr. Bunner's 'Grandfather Watts's Fourth of July' and 'One, Two, Three'; Mr. Sherman's 'Israfel,' 'Pepita' and 'Backlog Dreams,' from his 'Lyrics for a Lute'; and Mr. Gilder's, 'Sherman's Last March.' In introducing the various readers, Mr. Gilder spoke only in verse. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie will preside at the next reading, at three o'clock on Wednesday, April 22; and the other readers will be Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, Mr. Will Carleton, Mr. S. L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'), and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson.

—At a meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College on Monday, the announcement was made that Prof. Thomas R. Price of the English department would take leave of absence for one year, which he would spend in Europe, and that during that time Mr. Brander Matthews would deliver courses of lectures on 'English Versification,' 'The Humorous Drama' and 'Prose Fiction in the Nineteenth Century,' and that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman would deliver a course on 'English Poetry.' The resignation was accepted of Mr. Charles Sprague Smith, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature since 1882. The Trustees filled the vacancies occasioned by the resignation of Profs. Dwight, Chase, and Petty, by ratifying, without objection, the selection of Messrs. Francis M. Burdick, A.M., LL.B., of Cornell University; George W. Kirchwey of Albany; and George Miller Cumming. For the new Chair of International Law, John Bassett Moore, Third Assistant Secretary of State since 1886, was chosen. It was determined to use the bequest of \$100,000 from the late Mr. Charles M. Da Costa as the foundation endowment of a department to be known as the Da Costa Laboratory of Biology. It is understood that Prof. Smith will hereafter devote himself to writing and lecturing on the subjects which have been his special study during his connection with Columbia. These have been the Icelandic, old Norse, Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon languages, and comparative literature.

## Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Adeline's Art Dictionary.	\$2.25	D. Appleton & Co.
Bazan, E. P. A Christian Woman.	\$1.	Cassell Pub. Co.
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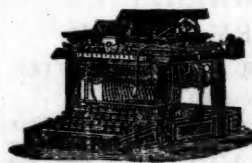
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